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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

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It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the following certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

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THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

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GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

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Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco

Training Grape Vines.

One of the old questions that is ever new, is how to trim a grapevine. The books will tell you all about it. Oh, yes, nothing easier. There is your renewal system and your alternate system, and Thomeny system, and dear knows how many other systems, that look so beautiful in the cuts; but when the ordinary man gets in front of a rampant vine that has had its own way in the past, he fails to see now any system will fit it. The fact is, to carry out any systematic training one must begin with a young vine and carry it through for several years. With an old vine little more can be done than to cut out the old wood and thus get the young wood evenly distributed over the trellis. Our strong native vines refuse to be cramped by any of the close-pruning methods, and go off in a rush of water-shoots when so hemmed in. The Delaware is one of the best to try experiments on as it yields kindly to any treatment. Our vineyardists have been in the habit of pruning back pretty closely, leaving only three or four eyes to shoot, but of late years they are leaving on more wood. Last fall a fruit-grower from the Hudson river told us of a system in use in Ulster County, which took its name from the man who first introduced it, a Mr. Kniffen. Only two wires were used on the trellis, and these are four and six feet from the ground. The vine is first carried to the top wire; the four side-shoots grown and trained to the wires for permanent arms. These are kept about two feet in length, and from them are grown the bearing shoots each year, four or five to each arm. These shoots are allowed to grow their full length, and hang down towards the ground. Each fall they are pruned back to a single bud and a new set grown the next year. This system has the merit of simplicity, and can be readily tested in the vineyard or with a few garden vines.—[Eastern Paper.

A Pacific Saratoga.

Some capitalists of San Francisco are about to engage in an undertaking which promises to bring within easy reach of San Francisco, and in fact all the State, all the abvantages of a Saratoga. The plan is to convert several hundred acres of Alameda water front into a race track, base ball grounds, shaded drives and bathing establishments, with the numerous other attractive features of the famous Eastern watering place after which it is to be modelled, including several thousand feet of broad verandas, to which will be attached a hotel. The capitalists have already bounded the water front property adjoining the Alameda Long Branch Baths on the east, extending to and including Scheutzen Park, and 160 acres of tide land lying in front of the park. The tide land is to be reclaimed by a substantial bulkhead twenty feet high, extending easterly from the southeast corner of the Long Branch bulkhead, and curving around to the main land, which it will touch at the east line of the Park. The ground thus reclaimed will be laid out as a mile race track, inside of which will be the ball grounds. From the top of the bulkhead, and running down to the track, will be built amphitheater seats. The lower half of these seats will be arranged below the water line, which novel arrangement it is thought will serve to keep the occupants cool in the hottest weather. The veranda and hotel will be built on the Park grounds; which will also be laid out into winding drives of over a mile in length. The tide land has already been purchased for $16,000, and the other property has been bonded for $62,250.

The poet Whitter recently gave the following account of the origin of his famous poem entitled "Maud Muller:" He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whitter noticed, as she talked, that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening.

U. S. Geodetic Survey.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco last week Prof. Davidson gave a very interesting review of the work done by the United States Coast Geodetic Survey, and his experience in the high Sierras during the past summer. The Professor explained the method of proceeding in making the surveys by triangulation and the extraordinary length of the sides of the triangles used. By an Act of Congress the geodetic survey was to be made in order to correct the triangulation of the coast surveys now extending from Maine to Mexico on the Atlantic, with the system reaching from British Columbia to Lower California on the Pacific Coast. The first line will run through the parallel of San Francisco. This will connect the work of the Atlantic and Pacific surveys, and give a series of points that will afford accurate information which may be used by the States as boundaries for their surveys. These give a standard for all measurements in the country. In this way cities have been found, in the Eastern States, located on the map two or three miles from where they really are upon the earth's surface; headlands are six or seven miles in error on this coast by early surveys, and islands are placed where there were no islands in fact. In triangulating across the continent longer distances have been jumped than ever was done in Europe. A base line in Yolo County, 11 mile in length, was the longest in the world. From his station on Mount Lola, Professor Davidson had signaled by the heliograph, or mirror, 160 miles, and the signals, too, had been observed as well as those made 70 miles away. The signals, too, had showed through a smoke so dense that Lassen Peak, 60 miles away, could not be discerned. He had seen the reflection from a mirror, seven inches in diameter, 192 miles away with the naked eye. These observations are worked out so clearly that in a measurement of 133 miles there was a difference of but 3½ inches from that made by former surveys on shorter lines. The Professor explained quit particularly the manner of operating the heliograph. He also gave and interesting account of the deflection of the plumb line at various places on the coast, supposed to be caused by the varying density of the earth in the neighborhood. After the close of his remarks, Professor Davidson exhibited a large number of photographs of the natural scenery of the Sierras taken at the highest point occupied by the surveying party. He also showed a section of a tree which had grown on the summit of Mount Lola, which measured eight inches in diameter and was but 25 feet in hight, but the rings upon it, when examined under the microscope, showed it to be 192 years old. It was undoubtedly dwarfed by the severe weather and harsh northwest winds which prevail on the summit.

Fish Items.

The Commissioners have sent out over 50,000 catfish during the season, and have supplied the waters of every county in the State except Del Norte. They have multiplied wonderfully in the waters near Sacramento. These fish are so common in the San Francisco markets now that they are sold at the same price as other good fish, and have become very popular.

They have hatched out at the McCloud River establishment two and a half million of salmon, which will be turned into the river as soon as they are old enough. They will probably all be let loose by the end of the month.

Eighteen months since a son of Major Sullivan, of Green Valley, Sonoma county placed twenty-six carp in a spring on his father's place. They have multiplied until now there are over 2,000. They are about nine inches long.

The use of photography in wood engraving promises to be a great improvement. Instead of drawing directly upon the wood, the artist now makes his finished picture upon paper; which is then photographed upon the wood. The engraver then proceeds to cut the photograph, and, during the time of cutting, has the advantage of having the orignal drawing before him, to which he may refer.

The Lick Observatory.

Since the return of S. W. Burnham, the astronomer, to his home in Chicago, he has been giving, says the S. F. *Call*, some very flattering accounts of the advantages possessed by Mount Hamilton as a site for the Lick Observatory. In Chicago the difference between a dry and well-built thermometer is only six or eight degrees, while on Mount Hamilton, Mr. Burnham says, it is thirty, showing the latter to have a very dry atmosphere. The Mount Hamilton Observatory site is four degrees of latitude south of Chicago; but from the summit fifteen degrees more of the southern heavens can be seen. This is result of greater clearness in the atmosphere. From Mount Hamilton he could see better with the telescope almost level than he can in Chicago with an elevation of ten or fifteen degrees. On Mount Hamilton the barometer varies but little, and the number of nights suitable for observation is very large. At night, Mr. Burnham says, a heavy fog comes off San Francisco Bay, and another stream of fog comes up Monterey Bay and the Santa Clara Valley, and the two streams meet near the mountain, but very seldom rise to the summit. This fog is dense, and looking down on to it from the summit it looks like a great white sea with mountain peaks coming up through it like islands. As has already been stated in the *Mercury*, it is the intention that the telescope for the observatory shall be the largest repeating telescope in the world. The object-glass, which Clark, of Cambridge, has undertaken to make for Struve, is to be thirty inches in diameter, and to cost $32,000. If a larger glass can be made, it will be obtained for the Lick Observatory. A telescope with a thirty-inch object-glass would be about forty feet long. Mr. Burnham is confident that the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton will be the finest observatory in the world, and that remarkable results will be obtained there.—[San Jose Mercury.

HOME READING.—One of the most pleasant and noble duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times which are passed it was considered enough to cloth and feed and shelter a family. This was the sum of parental duty; but lately it has been found out that wives and children have minds, and so it has become a necessity to educate the children and furnish reading for the whole household; it has been found out that the mind wants its food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue.

An ignorant family in our day is an antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past; it is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not reached.

Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually changes. It becomes clearer, purer, more cheerful, healthful and happy; the boys begin to grow ambitious; to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future, the girls begin to feel a new life opening for them in knowledge duty and pleasure; and so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women to fill honorable places.

At a "mum social," the other night all artfices, dodges, and subterfuges resorted to by the ladies to makes a certain young man speak, failed—all but one. He offered to forfeit $5 "for the good of the cause" if they could induce him to speak a word with in half an hour. The time had nearly expired when a knowing young lady stole up behind him, and in a masculine voice whispered; "Bill, let's go out and have some beer." "All rig—," and then he checked himself, but it was too late. He handed over the $5. Beer is a mocker. Even in the festive mum sociable for the benefit of the church it scoops in its victims.—[Nor. Herald.

Col. Ingersoll's "Bible" lies on the center-table in his parlor. In it, at the appropriate places, are leaves for the family record, and on the corner, in raised gilt letters is the inscription, "This is an inspired book." The volumn is a copy of Shakspeare.

Baby's Reply.

JOY ALLISON.

I folded my arms about him,
And I kissed his dewy lips,
His glad blue eyes and dimpled chin,
And his rosy finger-tips.

"My little son! My precious one!
Why is it I love you so?
What makes you so very sweet and dear?
Tell me! I want to know."

He folded his hands demurely,
And looked with far-off gaze
That saw into heaven surely,
Though his eyes were on my face.

I waited, for he might answer
In the speech of that unseen land.
Perhaps he had not forgotten!
Perhaps I could understand!

But I think some heavenly cherub
Flew down,—in that moment's pause,
And hushed his lips to silence,
For he only answered "'Cause."

Uncle Jehoram's Wedding Gift.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Girls! girls!" cried I, triumphantly waving an old-fashioned yellow envelope in the sunny September air, "I've got a letter from Uncle Jehoram!"

"Open it!" cried Nelly Pinkham, who was my first bride-maid.

"Do let us hear what he says," chimed in Alice Eden, my second.

So I sat down on the big, canvas-covered traveling-trunk, with my hair down my back. I had just unfastened it for Nelly to experiment a little with the bridal wreath, and, with the bevy of girls clustering eagerly around me, I broke the seal of Uncle Jehoram's letter and read it aloud with all the elocutionary airs and graces that I had learned at Madame Bentoni's "Institute."

"DEAR NIECE"—it said, in a queer, little, cramped hand like the characters on a Chinese tea-chest—"Yours of the 21st inst., duly received. Am glad to hear that you are to be married to a worthy young man who is able to support you. Accept my good wishes. By this day's express I send a present which I hope you may find useful—and no more at present from your affectionate uncle,

JEHORAM JOHNSON."

"There!" cried I. "What do you think of *that*?"

Alice Eden clasped her dimpled hands.

"The old darling!" cried she. "It's a real Cashmere shawl, Nanny, you may be very certain!"

"Or, perhaps, a Persian rug," said Nelly Pinkham, "all dim blues and greens and delicious blotches of yellow!"

"The deed of a house and lot!" said Mary Moxley.

"Diamonds, most likely!" interposed Juliet Greyson. "Or real Oriental pearls, each one as big as a tear-drop!"

"He's very rich isn't he?" said Alice.

"Of course he is," said I, "or, at least, I've always heard so."

"And an old bachelor?"

"Yes, an old bachelor!"

"But he don't say whether or not he's coming to the wedding!"

"Oh, of course, he'll come!" said I.

"What is he like?" questioned Nelly, thoughtfully.

I burst out laughing.

"Do you know, girls," said I, "that I never saw him in my life!"

And then Harry came in, with a delicious little bouquet of white rosebuds, and, of course, *that* put everything else out of our heads. For my hair had to be twisted up in a hurry, and Harry *would* insist on seeing the wedding wreath and vail on, and an exquisite *tete-a-tete* set of real pink *Sevres* came in from Mrs. Montagu Jekyll, and we never thought of Uncle Jehoram again until the next day, when there was a prodigious peal at the door-bell, just as we were all sitting down to a gipsy sort of tea, in the old school-room—the parlors and dining-room were in the hands of the confectioner's men—and Betty, the maid, made her appearance, with a puzzled expression of face.

"It's a bundle, ma'am!" said she; "come by express, with Mr. Jehoram Johnson's compliments on a card."

I jumped up, oversetting a cup of tea and a plate of peaches and cream, all excitement.

"Bring it in here, Betty," cried I, "at once!"

"Bless your dear heart, Miss," said Betty, "it 'ud take four men to lift it! The expressman he swore awful when he tilted it up the steps, and said as it ought to be paid double rates!"

We looked at each other in a sort of delighted bewilderment.

"It must be something *very* valuable," said Juliet, breathlessly.

"A sewing-machine perhaps?" suggested Harry.

"Nonsense!" cried Alice. "As if a rich old uncle would send anything as pokey and commonplace as *that!*"

"Well, perhaps it might help to solve the riddle somewhat," said Harry, gravely, "if we were to go out and look at it!"

And at this suggestion we all rushed out *en masse*.

There, in the middle of the marble-paved hall, stood a huge, oblong bundle, some three feet high, and wide in proportion.

"No wonder the expressman swore!" said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's carpeting!"

"Oh, the dear old creature!" cried Nelly. "A real Aubusson, from Paris. Oh, do open it, somebody!"

Harry slowly produced from his vest pocket a tortoise-shell-handled knife, and ripped the coarse burlaps covering which enveloped the parcel. We all started back.

"A rag carpet!" exclaimed my husband-elect.

"A common, coarse thing, only fit for a dustman's kitchen!" cried Nelly Pinkham; while Alice Eden, who had worked herself up into a high state of nervous expectation, burst into tears.

"Who ever heard of such a thing!" said Juliet Greyson, disdainfully. "The horrid, mean old miser!"

"Girls, cried I, recovering myself as best I could, "you must not talk so. Uncle Jehoram meant it in all kindness. I dare say he thought I could make it useful—and I mean to accept it in the spirit in which it was offered."

Harry stooped down and gave me a kiss.

"You're a dear, sensible little thing," said he; "and Uncle Jehoram has reason to be proud of his niece."

"But you'll never put it on exhibition with the other presents?" said Alice, incredulously.

"Of course I shall," said I.

And I did. And the girls never knew of the little private "cry" I had all by myself when they thought I was selecting the prettiest flowers to decorate the big bride-cake, for I *had* expected something very nice from the rich old bachelor uncle whom I had never seen, and somehow the bundle of striped rag carpeting was a disappointment.

But the eventful day came, with its white satin bows, and odor of hot-house flowers, and rustle of silks and laces, and Uncle Jehoram's rag carpet occupied a place of honor among the silver teapots and china services, and embroidered sofa-pillows, and countless pretty gimcracks that burden the "present-table."

We had been married for about half an hour, and I was standing beside Harry under the great floral bell, receiving the congratulations of my friends, when a queer, little, brown-faced man, in a faded wig, and a suit of clothes that exactly matched his complexion, walked up to me, bowing low.

"Wish you much joy, Mrs. Monteith," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I, trying to remember who he was, and failing altogether. But I made up my mind that he must be the eccentric little Methodist minister who lived around the corner, and who was in the habit of going where he pleased, whether he was invited or not.

"I've been looking at your wedding presents," said he. "Curious thing, that bundle of rag carpet!" pointing at it with his knobby walking stick. "Shouldn't have supposed you'd put *that* among your pretty gimcracks."

"Well, it is rather a strange gift," said my husband, "particularly as it came from a rich old curmurdgeon, who—"

But I checked Harry with a look.

"From a dear relative of mine," said I, "whose kind remembrance gratifies me beyond expression!"

"Oh!" said the little brown man, looking from Harry to me with keen, bright eyes like those of a bird. "You're pleased with it, then?"

"More pleased than I can express!" I answered earnestly.

"Humph!" commented the little old man. "Would you object to having it lifted down and unrolled? I've some curiosity to look at the pattern?"

It was a strange request, but we scarcely knew how to refuse it; and presently the gay stripes of the rag carpet were unrolled on the floor before the astounded eyes of our wedding guests, yard upon yard, backwards and forwards, until, from the very heart of the tightly-packed cylinder, out fell a small, black, leather box!

"Eh?" said the little brown man; pouncing on it more like a bird than ever. "What's this? Not—*diamonds?*"

Diamonds, in good truth. The scintillating blaze of a necklace—the glitter of solitaire ear-drops that nearly dazzled our eyes!

"Uncle Jehoram! It is Uncle Jehoram!" cried I, the scales suddenly falling from my mental vision.

"Niece," said the little man, as he ceremoniously hung the sparkling chain around my neck, "if you had scornfully rejected the old man's homely present, and sent it back to him as young women would have done, you would never have discovered the secret of the old family diamonds. Niece, you are a sensible girl, and I congratulate your husband on the possession of a treasure more precious than rubies!"

And on this Uncle Jehoram Johnson made a curious little bow, like a jack-knife shutting itself up, and disappeared among the crowd. And from that moment to this I have never seen him, although he writes me a kindly letter every year, declining all invitations to visit us.

"I am but by myself," he writes. "When I die, you will find that I have not forgotten you. Until then, let me live on, like the solitary old oyster that I have taught myself to be!"

And the rag carpet covers the floor of our second guest-chamber, which is furnished after a substantial style, and the diamonds are the envy and admiration of all my female friends!—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A DANGEROUS TRAIN.—Mr. George Francis Train entered a New York clothing store and in resounding chest tones said, "I want an overcoat." A polite attendant replied: "Let me remove your ——" "Hands off," shouted Train. "Don't come near or touch me. If you do you'll die in sixty days. Only children can come near me and live." Several overcoats were brought. "Don't go near that," he said, suddenly pointing to his own ulster. The attendants started back from it as if it were a torpedo or a small-pox patient. "If you touched it your whole nature would undergo a shock which might prove fatal." Another salesman came up and undertook to smooth out the wrinkles and pull up the collar of the coat he was trying on. "You're a dead man who ever you are," cried Train, whirling and throwing the attendant off his balance. "I will preserve you," he added, holding out a finger to the frightened attendant, "but you'd better be careful how you touch me." And buttoning his new garment about him, he paid his bill and walked away.

A little boy, whose father is a doctor, was taken to the circus the other evening. While one of the equestrians was performing the little fellow said: "I wish he would fall off the horse." When asked why he made the wish, he said, "Then my papa would come."—*Columbus Journal.*

His New Flying-Machine.

An enterprising saloon-keeper on Grand River avenue is always on the lookout for any novelty that may draw customers, and perhaps this fact may have been known to a bland-faced old man who entered the place the other day and confidentially began:

"If I could draw a crowd of 100 men to your place here what sum would you be willing to give me?"

"What do you mean?" asked the saloonist.

"If it was known that I had in my possession a flying-machine, and that it was to fly from your door here on a certain day and hour, wouldn't the novelty be sure to collect a thirsty crowd?"

"Yes, I think so. If you have a flying-machine, and want to show it off here to-morrow night I'll give you a dollar, and if the machine is a success perhaps I'll buy it."

"Well, sir," continued the old man in a whisper, "I've got the boss! She flies from the word go! All I've got to do is to toss her into the air, and away she sails. It's right down fine and no chance for failure, and I'll be on hand at 7 o'clock to-morrow night."

The matter became noised about, and next evening there were fifty or sixty people in and around the saloon to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time, having some sort of a bundle under his arm, and he collected his dollar of the saloonist and secured several "treats" from the crowd. When everything was finally ready he stood on the walk clear of the spectators and said:

"Gentlemen, I warrant this thing to fly. I didn't invent it myself; but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars in seeking to invent flying machines, but this one leads them all. She will now fly. Please stand back and give her a chance to rise."

The crowd fell back and the man let fall the cover hiding his bundle, and gave an old speckled hen a toss into the air. She uttered a dismal squawk, sailed this way and that, and finally bumped against a telegraph post and settled down on the roof of a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood. It was a full minute before the crowd was sure that it was a hen, and during that minute the old man is supposed to have run a distance of seven blocks. A few tried to overhaul him, but it was no use.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Breed Up.

One of the oldest breeders of thoroughbred stock in the United States urged upon us the necessity of breeding up—improving annually every head of stock kept on the farm. This is what we have attempted to do for years. Be the stock what it may, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry or, indeed, anything else, nothing short of a thoroughbred sire can be used to advantage. Our friend denounced in unmeasured terms the lax habit, becoming too common, of using grade or homebred sires, and a moment's consideration will show any man of experience the impropriety of such a course. Take our native cows as an instance, when bred to a thoroughbred bull, they are more than apt to produce a well-favored cross, and because it is so, if a male, the owner is so pleased with him as in many instances to make use of him in future years to top his herd. Now it must be patent that bred to the same class of animal as his dam, his get instead of being half blood will be only one-quarter, and unless the circumstances and surroundings are very favorable, the inferior blood will be pretty sure to show itself in even larger proportions. But if, on the contrary, a thoroughbred sire only is used, the tendency will be upward every year and the herd surely improving. We see no reason why the blood of the thoroughbred scrub should not be as patent as that of improved stock, and we verily believe that the ingrained cussedness of the one is as apt to crop out as the well-proportioned development of the other. It would be the height of folly, therefore, to use anything short of a full-blooded sire on any stock on the farm.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

HEALTH OF HORSES.—The health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the lofts is kept well above the horses' heads, and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers and elsewhere round the walls, and also by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while, being introduced in moderate amount and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minimum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,509 feet, with a ground area of fully ninety square feet per horse, and the best hunting and carriage horses have more room. *Journal of Chemistry.*

Of the 20,000,000 acres of land in Ireland, two own between them 282,168. If this enormous property were divided into five-acre freeholds, it would sustain 56,439 families in comparatively comfortable independence. Seventeen landlords are owners of 1,400,000 acres, which, partitioned off in the manner above set forth, would support 280,000 families. Again 4,000,0000 acres are held by 107 persons, which would maintain 800,000 families. And in fact, nearly one-third of the entire surface of the country is held by 292 individuals.

All over Europe the scarcity of grain would be alarming if the United States were not so ready with large crops.

Sold again—Our old shoes.

Grafting Grape Vines.

Those who wish to graft their vines with other vines should remember that winter and not spring is the time for it—and in this the grape is different from most other trees. It is different in this, that in the spring of the year there is such a tremendous pressure upwards by the ascending sap that the parts of the scion and stock which to unite must of course touch one another are forced by the sap apart. When the grafts are put in at this season there is little of this. The severed cells granulate and heal, and when the sap is ready to flow upward strongly, it goes up through its regular channels in the graft without any tendency to break out through the junction.

How to graft grape vines admits of many various replies. The best is probably that described many years ago in our pages by Samuel Miller, then of Lebanon, in this State, now of Missouri, who was very successful as a grafter of the grape. He drew away the soil from the stock to be grafted, cut it down about two inches from the surface, then cut with a stout sharp knife a long and narrow wedge-shaped notch in the stock, and shaped the scion as a wedge to fit in the notch in the stock. The lips of the notch are then tied together and the earth drawn in around the whole, leaving the upper eye of the graft above the ground.

We may say that it is very astonishing that grape grafting is not more generally practiced, and especially since the discovery that the great success of the Concord, Clinton and a few other grapes is not owing to any extra constitutional hardiness, but to the fact that the power to throw out numerous fibrous roots is greater in these kinds. If this be true, and it seems to be really the case, we may have the choicest and best of grapes by grafting them on these vigorous rooting stocks.

For once the French seem to have taken a start ahead of us in this matter. They sent an agent to this country some years ago—a shrewd observing fellow—and he took in the whole situation at once. The result has been that millions of Concord and Clinton cuttings have been sent to France the past five or six years, and in future, wines of that country may be brought to a higher grade of perfection than ever before.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Benedict Arnold and Bancroft, the Historian.

The Hon. I. N. Arnold, who recently read a paper on Benedict Arnold before the Historical Society in New York, and whose opinions concerning his subject do not agree with those of Mr. Bancroft and others, writes thus of the occasion to a friend in Providence: "Just as I was proceeding to show Bancroft's errors, he walked in and was received with cheers! Drummond looked up, curious to see what I would do. Mr. Bancroft took his seat on the stage, and I turned to him and complimented him as the 'Father of American History,' and then went on to show, by the letters of Varick and Livingston, his mistakes, which I was sure he would not have made if he had ever read those letters! The audience evidently enjoyed the scene, and applauded repeatedly, and when I said, 'If Arnold had died of his wound received at the moment of victory, neither Mr. Bancroft nor any other respectable historian would have ever denied to him the glory of the campaign, nor have made the erroneous assertion that he was not on the field in the battle of the 19th of September,' the audience applauded heartily and generally. And when I concluded summing up by declaring that General Arnold was the hero of that campaign, and that to him was its success and the surrender of Burgoyne largely due, they again applauded. Mr. Bancroft was kind enough to say he had 'listened with great pleasure,' but directly one of the officers whispered: 'He has not heard a single word you have said; the old gentleman is very deaf!' I could only say, 'I wish you had told me that an hour ago.' But all went off well."

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is certainly a generous host. He gave a dinner the other day to Prince Nikita of Montenegro, and when it was over escorted his guests out into the park surrounding the palace. As they stood there smoking, a beautiful landau drawn by an equally beautiful pair of horses, swept up the avenue. The Prince observed that the harness and panel bore the arms of Montenegro, whereupon the Emperor turned and informed his guest that the carriage and horses were intended as a surprise to him, and begged him to accept them as a souvenir of his visit to Vienna. With sparkling eyes the Prince thanked his host. The dinner which this episode succeeded was a picturesque one; the service was of solid gold, the center-pieces being well-known antique works of art. Prince Nikita wore a gorgeous Montenegrin dress and was quite formidable from the small arsenal of knives, daggers and chased pistols stuck in his belt. The meal itself barely lasted an hour, few dishes being the fashion at an Austrian court dinner—but each dish is a masterpiece.

A GRADUAL ADDITION.—Don't be in too great a hurry to increase your possessions. If one has not the money to spare for much, let him confine himself to the little. After a while he can venture on another part; and, after waiting and earning, on still another and another, and another, either paying as he goes, or surely avoiding heavy indebtedness. Do not attempt too much at once. Do what you can afford this time, and put off the other things to another time. Don't try to build too much and too fast. Do not buy at once all the furniture you would like to see in your house. A little that is paid for is worth more than much you owe for.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow-men.

What He Spoke.

There was a crowd of them standing and sitting around and on the court-house steps, spitting tobacco juice on the stone pavement, and telling not-over-polite yarns, as is the custom of men, when the monotony was relieved by the appearance of a woe-begone looking pedestrian. He was evidently one of the long distance walkers, and his general get-up did not leave the impression that he was a man of very great wealth, or that he was of particularly elevated social position when at home. He looked like a foreigner, and, seeming not over bright, he was meat for the crowd at once, and they all began on him in the gentle and soothing manner characteristic of the top dog in a fight. After every fellow had put in a shot, and the peripatetic had said nothing, one of the party took it upon himself to discover who and what he was, as the deliberations of all of them had not resulted in determining his nationality.

"Well, sir," the inquisitor began, while the tramp looked at him with a face full of expression as a wooden Indian, "well, sir, you look like you had walked all the way from Bismarck land. Do you speak German?"

The tramp shook his head.

"Do you speak French then?"

Shake.

"Italian?"

More shake.

"Danish?"

Shake again.

"Irish?"

Shake again.

"Welsh?"

More of the same sort.

"Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Choctaw, Sanscrit, Chinese, Copt, Arabic, Turkish, Russian?"

A whole paragraph of shakes followed this; and the questioner began to look frightened at the job he had undertaken. But he went ahead.

"Well, if you don't speak any of these, what the devil do you speak?"

"English," said the tramp, in a still, small voice; "and I'd like to have a nickel to buy a suit of clothes and get me my dinner. I 'ain't et nothin' for two weeks but railroad spikes and gravel, an' I'm gittin' kind o' lonesome like behind my weskit buttons."

He got more than a nickel, and the able questioner had to set it up for the crowd besides.

Hereafter the gentleman will ask his last question first.

How to Become Rich.

You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it, my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid Society, a fretful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, you man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it is too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth and not as a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich, if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—*Hawkeye.*

Pompeii.

Though the victims of the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79 lived so long ago, they were our fellow-creatures, and it is impossible to recall their fate—especially, one might think, to recall it on the spot—without a feeling of horror. Sir William Gell estimated the number of people who perished at 1,300; but during recent excavations so many bodies have been found that it seems to have been far greater; and when we consider that, closely as the inhabitants were packed, Pompeii was still but a little place, the proportion of deaths appears large. It is, of course, satisfactory to the antiquary to reflect that the misfortunes of Pompeii have been a great gain to modern knowledge. The manners of the ancient Romans are better known to us by what has been discovered here under the ashes than by all the pictures or statues or writings existing elsewhere. The town has been very recently rebuilt, and the remains are chiefly of one period; but the decorations are remarkable for their rarity as well as for their freshness. In fact, the state of pictorial art in the first century would be almost unknown to us but for the frescoes from the house of the tragic poet, and the beautiful wall-paintings now in the Naples museum.—*The Saturday Review.*

It is facetiously related that on the door of his Greek class-room, Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, had occasion a few weeks ago, to put up this notice: "Prof. Blaikie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangle as "lasses." But who can joke with Blaikie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: Prof. Blaikie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses!"

Oriental Bargains.

Every traveler in Palestine learns from experience that he has to pay an ample price for everything he receives and enjoys. There seems to be no fixed price, but the vender or employe gets all he finds it possible to procure. But one of his methods, peculiar enough, is to begin his bargain by making no charge. We remember that the dragoman to whom we applied at Nablus to conduct us to Damascus refused at first to make any charges whatever for his services, but declared he would be amply rewarded for his eight days' going and returning by the mere companionship of a Frank. On urging him to name a price, he put so high an estimate upon his valuable aid that we were compelled to forego the pleasure of his company. We found out that it was all a ruse. He was hoping to be offered *our* price, thinking, it might be a large one, and was determined that if it did not suit him, he would then raise it as high as he might see fit. Every one who has traveled at all leisurely through the country has met with similar instances of shrewd bargaining. Dr. Thomson says he has been presented with hundreds of houses and fields and horses, and by-standers were called in to witness the deed, and a score of protestations and oaths were taken to seal the truth of the donation; all of which meant just nothing, or rather just as great a price as he could possibly be induced to pay. A knowledge of this adroit method of dealing, still current in Palestine, greatly facilitates our understanding of Abraham's purchase of a burial-place for his wife. Hebron is much the same to-day as in his time. If one were to arrange for the purchase of a tomb for a member of his family, he would likely be told that he could have one for nothing. There is great exclusiveness in the matter of tombs, and a high price is expected. The Hittites said to Abraham, on his application for the purchase of one: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulcher, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Beautiful compliment! But only compliment. Abraham, however, was too shrewd a man not to see through the trick; so he repelled the liberal offer, but insisted on paying for the burial place. Ephron, with all due politeness, said: "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people I give it thee; bury thy dead." But Abraham understood the proposition for *baksheesh* too well to accept, and insisted on an outright purchase. So Ephron named four hundred shekels of silver. But "four hundred shekels; what is that betwixt me and thee?" A mere trifle by name, but a very large price in fact. This, however, was serious business for Abraham, and he made no objection. So he proceeded to weigh out the money, just as men do now in Palestine, with a little pair of scales, to see that none of the coins are clipped. But Oriental custom requires that all the specifications be named in every contract. When you buy a house, not only the building, but every room in it must be named, above and below, down to the kitchen, pantry, stable, and hen-coop. So when Abraham bought the field, he also bought the cave that was therein, and all the trees in the field, and all that were in all the borders round about. When any sale is now effected in a town or village, the whole population turn out to witness it, in the space about the city gate. All the people take part in discussing the matter with as much interest as if they were personally concerned. In this way the transaction acquires legal force; it has many living witnesses.—DR. J. F. HURST, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Sine Corpore Sano Non.

Professor Huxley, in a recent speech on the occasion of the distribution of prizes at University College, indicates very clearly the change which is taking place in the modern view of education. The olden motto *La pauvrete du corps est la richesse de l'ame*, is completely reversed. Professor Huxley looks upon physical qualities as of supreme importance, and as practically the foundation of all future success. He does not believe there was on the prize-list a single boy who is dull, slow, idle and sickly. He has no doubt that the prize-takers are the sharpest, quickest, most industrious, and strongest boys in the school—by strongest meaning those most capable of endurance. His faith is profound in industry combined with a broad deep chest, and a stomach of which its owner is unconscious. In other respects he shows that he scarcely believes in the *mens sana* except in the *corpore sano*. He says of the young people who are forced to work at high pressure by incessant and competitive examinations that they are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all its afternoon. He adds: "Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless, childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness, in boyhood."—*Home Journal.*

One of the most foolish things in the world is the attempt now and then made by a company of men to keep the result of their deliberations secret. The Legislative Council of Quebec held a secret meeting on the celebrated deadlock question and made the most rigorous preparations to keep out reporters. Yet, the more prominent Canada papers had a full report of the meeting next morning, with all the incidents and speeches. Now the Council wants to know, you know, where the reporters were concealed.

What this great and glorious country of ours needs most just at the present time is a deaf and dumb politician.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Seventy Miles in Open Boats.

The brig *Tubal Cain*, from Turk's Island, brought as passengers Captain Partridge and nine men, the entire crew of the bark *Emma L. Partridge*, which they had been compelled to abandon about sixty-five miles north of the Island of San Domingo. The bark left Liverpool for Matanzas with a general cargo on July 25th and passed fourteen days in St. George's channel, while beating her way against strong headwinds. On the evening of September 9th the weather was fine and the vessel was going slowly, when she suddenly struck what appeared to be a reef. It was quite dark and no breakers were seen. Capt. Partridge says that if his chronometer was correct there should have been no reefs within seventy miles of him. The tide was fast rising, and at the flood the vessel got off, but struck again within a few minutes. Soundings showed that the bark was on what is known as Silver Key Bank. A leak had been sprung, and during the night the rudder became unshipped. Although the pumps were kept going almost constantly, the depth of water in the hold had increased to nine feet soon after daylight. Capt. Partridge now found that it would be hopeless to attempt to save either the vessel or the cargo, and he decided to abandon her. After a great deal of difficulty the crew succeeded in launching two boats safely. Small quantities of clothing, provisions, etc., were placed in them. The Captain took command of the larger boat, and the smaller boat was placed under the charge of the mate. After several narrow escapes from being swamped the two boats got clear of the abandoned vessel, and were rowed in the direction of Turk's Island, which lay some seventy miles to the westward. It soon began to rain, and this caused additional discomfort to the men, but fortunately the wind came from the east, and was favorable for them. At noon the sky had cleared somewhat, and the Captain was enabled to observe the position of the sun. He found that he was five miles north of latitude 21 deg. The boats kept well together, but an hour later it was blowing a moderate gale, and the danger that they would go down was greatly increased. During the afternoon the mate's boat filled three times, and was righted only by throwing overboard the provisions, water and clothing which had been taken from the bark.

At 11 P.M. a welcome shout from one of the boats proclaimed to the man in the other that Turk's Island light had been sighted. The men struggled manfully at the oars until daybreak the next morning, when the island was reached. They applied to the American Consul, who paid their passage home on the brig *Tubal Cain*, which left the island on the 16th. The *Emma L. Partridge* was built at Belfast, Me., in 1876, and she registered 469 tons.—*N. Y. Times.*

Inventions in China.

For a long period the Chinese government discouraged invention and all other innovations upon established conditions and customs. The result was a fixedness in social and industrial affairs which has made China proverbial. That the stimulus of western civilization has made great inroads upon this particular phase of Chinese character, is apparent on all sides. We are inclined to think, however, that nothing quite so significant has appeared in this connection as the following imperial decree published in the Pekin *Gazette*, and bearing date June 13th, 1879. It reads as follows: The censorate has memorized us to the effect that Tung Yu-ch'i, an expectant sub-perfect in the province of Anhwui, proposes to construct a steamboat to be impelled by steam generated without the use of fire, which shall be so superior as to supplant the one using fire. Its construction is already well nigh completed, and it is estimated that three thousand taels will suffice to finish it. A diagram with illustrations of the invention has been presented to the memorialists for their inspection. Should the steamer invented by the officer in question be found capable of quick motion and adapted to practical use, it will, of course, be proper to adopt it. We, therefore, command Shen Haochen to devise means for providing the three thousand taels required to carry the invention into execution. He is further commanded, in conjunction with Li Hung-Chang and Ting Jih ch'and, to examine the diagram and illustrations, and to give the matter his most careful consideration. As soon as the invention has been carried to completion, it will be the duty of Shen Pos-chen and the high officials associated with him to put it to the test of an experiment and to report in a memorial to us whether it has been found, after all, to be adapted to practical use. We have this same day commanded the censorate to hand the diagram and illustrations to Shen Pao-chen for his perusal, and to communicate this decree to the several officials concerned. —*Scientific American.*

Louis Ramel is a man who made a great mistake. He is the party who, by the way of pleasant excitement, placed an infernal machine in his cabin on the steamer *Drew* and blew several state rooms into one. For doing this he has just been tried at Albany and sentenced to seven years at Sing Sing. The mistake Louis made was not to kill any one. If he had crushed to death half a dozen of the passengers he would undoubtedly have been found insane, had flowers and other favors been showered upon him, and by this time would be walking the streets of New York a free and much pitied man. —*Detroit Press.*

CREDITORS' CHEEK.—"Truly," said M. Skimpole, "when creditors come to dun you they so completely feel the dishonoring character of their mission that they have to invent the most shameless and extravagant excuses for troubling you, such as their threatened insolvency, sickness and increased expense in the family and so on. Why actually one fellow came and dunned me for some money because he was being pressed for payment of the court fees and a retainer by the lawyer he had employed to sue me."

A Few Words to Husbands.

We have frequently read advice to wives, very good advice too, and as it costs nothing but a little arrangement of ideas often uppermost in the mind, we would like to be allowed the privilege of saying a few words to husbands.

We know there are many husbands, noble men, who faithfully perform their part, who cherish their wives as themselves, and whose lives are above reproach. And we know there are worthless women living lives of selfish ease, recklessly spending what their husbands earn by hard work and carefraught days and nights; but it is not of these we speak, but the far greater class of working women who bear more than an equal proportion of life's burdens.

We have read much on the subject of making home happy, and it is generally considered to be something the responsibility of which rests wholly with the wife. Ah, but we don't believe it. It takes more than one to make home happy, although one can make it miserable. One great cause of unhappiness in the household seems to be that women do not smile enough. What if there be nothing to smile for? We have certainly seen some overworked and unappreciated ones who, to our thinking, had not much to smile for, unless it was that the good God would presently take them home to rest; who made home always neat and tasteful, as far as they had means to do it; whose meals were well cooked (if that will preserve love), and who were models of economy; but it was a thankless service, patiently rendered. And their husbands were not intentionally unkind, but unthinking, and probably indifferent, just such men as the world is full of—men who would very quickly detect the first symptoms of overwork in a horse, but would suffer the women they call their wives to toil on until a malady, physical, mental and perhaps moral, is fastened upon them that no earthly power can remove. We have often wondered that husbands could not see and value more the services of a wife, into every one of which is woven so much of her life-strength and vitality, and why they could not sometimes bear with a hasty word uttered in weariness or weakness, for which they claim so much toleration themselves—why they cannot sometimes see what it is that takes the fire from the eye and the elasticity from the spirits; and, in short, why so many men must expect so much in the way of comfort and encouragement and give as little as possible in return!

It is said that a man comes in at night, tired from business cares and annoyances, to rest; and, no matter how cross or abstracted he may be, his wife must be all smiles and pleasantness. What right have you, husbands, to drag in your cares and place the burden upon her who, perhaps, was up half the night with the teething child while you slept, and whose whole day has been one round of never-ending, wearying work? And, worse yet, what moral right have you to bring home the ill-temper others have caused and vent on the woman you professed before God and man to love better than all the world beside? Why should you give her sharp answers and hasty language that, if given to business acquaintances, would justify them in putting you from their presence, simply because she has no one whose right it is to protect her from you, and if she complains, lament that her temper is not as good as it used to be when you married her?

Surely it was not so with you in your courting days! Were you not very thoughtful of her then? Were you not interested if she had only a headache?—and her head never ached then as it has done since, or her heart either, for that matter. Did you not remember the holidays and birthdays with some little token which, however small, was cherished for the giver's sake? And if you heard her express a wish for some pretty trifle, or a new book, did you not esteem it a pleasure to get it for her? Now she gets nothing without asking for it, and sometimes not then. If she is depressed, do you kindly inquire into the cause, or does she bear all her burdens alone, and yours also? If she complains of physical weakness, do you see that she has the rest and attention she needs, or do you call it a woman's nervousness, and forget it the moment you close the door after you? In those days you used to tell her how dear to you she was. Perhaps it is years since you have told her anything of the kind, although there are many reasons why she should be dearer now than then.

If your wife is silent and undemonstrative, it may be because she is too proud to beg for what you do not voluntarily yield. If she is changed from what she once was, there is some good reason for it; and it would be well if every man knew that the best part of a woman's life dies out when she discovers that marriage is the end instead of the beginning of love.—*Lady's Journal.*

APPLE MERINGUE PIES.—Ingredients. Ripe, juicy apples, lemons, eggs, sugar, vanilla. Stew and sweeten ripe, juicy, tart apples, mash smooth and flavor with lemon juice or grated peel; fill the crust and bake till just done; spread over the apple a thick meringue, made by beating to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs to each pie, and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; flavor with vanilla; beat until it will stand alone, and cover the pie very thick; set it back in the oven until the meringue is "set;" eat cold.

BUTTERNUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of butternut meats, one cup of raisins, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream.

A LOCOMOTIVE CHASE AFTER A BRIDE.—A railroad train recently moved out of Denver with a bride on board, but the careless husband was left in the station. He was wild with excitement when he understood that she had been whisked off on her honeymoon journey alone, and at last a compassionate official put him on a special locomotive, with orders to the engineer to overtake the bride at all hazards.

Dyspepsia.

In a late number of the New York *Tribune* there is an article under the head of "Home Interests" which contains very much important information on the subject of dyspepsia. The most prominent causes of the disease so common are as follows:

The stomach is a muscular organ and sympathizes with the rest of the muscular system. If a person is exhausted from manual labor he is in no condition to eat until he is rested again. He may take simple broth, which is easily absorbed and assimilated to satisfy the pangs of hunger until he is rested enough to eat. But solid food taken by a weary stomach is a load the stomach cannot carry, and dyspepsia is the result of its mute protest. It matters not whether the exhaustion is of the muscular or the nervous system. Brain labor, suspense, anxiety, act as directly in enfeebling the ability of the stomach to digest food as does severe muscular toil. The muscles obey the nerves. If the nerves are weary they cannot command the muscles. If the muscles are weary they cannot obey the nerves. Therefore if from any cause the stomach is unfit to receive strong food, it must be allowed to rest before any burden is placed upon it.

Imperfect mastication is a very frequent cause of dyspepsia. A large number of people have not time or think they have not to spend at the table taking their meals. They swallow their food divided just enough to make swallowing possible, and compel the stomach to do not only its own work but the work that should be done by the mouth. Instead of permitting the saliva to prepare the food for the stomach they wash it down with copious draughts of water or tea or coffee or beer or wine. Chickens can be fed and fattened by this process of cramming or bolting, but chickens have no teeth. Dogs bolt their food, but the teeth of dogs are all incisors or cutting teeth. Cows swallow their food unmasticated, but they select a quiet corner and chew it all over again. The human stomach when compelled to masticate the food as well as to digest it, by and by mutinies and dyspepsia is the name given to the mutiny. Drinking too much at meal times is a frequent cause of dyspepsia. If the food is properly chewed, the salivary glands will furnish plenty of liquids, and these liquids act chemically upon the food and prepare it for the stomach. If the fluids of the stomach are diluted with crude liquids they do not act upon the food until the excess of water is absorbed, and not then with the vigor they would have shown if they had been left alone. The effect of tea and coffee is measurably to destroy the appetite for solid food; always to diminish it. The same is true of fermented and distilled liquors. It is well understood in Germany that a man who does not "drink" eats more than one who does drink, and he is charged more in the reckoning. Those whose breakfast consists of a cup of coffee and a bit of bread, though they may escape with impunity for a long time, are slowly but inevitably starving themselves and diminishing their digestive power. There is no food in coffee or tea, though by their action they produce for a time the effect of food, and they are far less hurtful taken in small quantities at the end of a meal than in any quantity large or small at the beginning of it.

Over-eating is a very frequent cause of dyspepsia. Food should satisfy both the demands of the palate and the stomach—the sense of taste and the pangs of hunger. But when the latter are satisfied and we eat merely because the food tastes good we wrong the stomach by overloading it, and it will in time protest. Then, too, eating between meals is very injurious. It requires three and four hours, sometimes five, for a meal to be digested. After all food has passed from the stomach it should be allowed at least an hour's rest. If food is eaten after the process of digestion is well begun that process is summarily stopped till the newly-eaten food is reduced to the condition of that partially digested; then it goes on again. Another frequent cause of dyspepsia is engaging in severe labor immediately after eating. If the blood required by the stomach in the performance of its functions is diverted to the brain by mental toil or to the surface and extremities by muscular toil, the stomach is robbed of its power and under continued treatment of this sort must eventually break down. Improper food is also a frequent cause of dyspepsia. Oils and fats of every sort are not digested until they have passed from the stomach into the duodenum or second stomach, where they are mingled with bile and reduced to an emulsion. With this in mind, one can easily see that an excess of fat in food will inevitably produce a disordered stomach. Bile is never found in a healthy stomach, but when this organ is overloaded with pastries and the fat of fried meats, it throws open the pyloric orifice and permits bile from the friendly and contiguous duodenum to enter and help about subduing these fatty foods. This makes trouble which is called biliousness. This trouble is also produced by imperfect mastication and by swallowing such substances as the gastric fluids cannot dissolve. One might as well swallow little pellets of wood or cork the size of watermelon seeds and grape stones as to swallow these indigestible bits. They pass through the alimentary canal unchanged, leaving irritation more or less all along their way. Highly concentrated food is unwholesome. There must be not only nutrition in sufficient amount, but bulk also, to afford a residuum stimulating enough to maintain a regular action of the bowels.

Innutritious food is a frequent cause of indigestion and this innutritiousness may be the fault of the cook or it may depend on the quality of the material used.

To restore a weak stomach to health requires both skill and judgment on the part of the owner of the stomach. He must eat a little at a time, and thoroughly digest it before he eats any more. Two quarts of milk in twenty-four hours is a prescription that has been successfully used in curing bad cases of dyspepsia. When this can be taken with comfort then stronger food may be given, but only in such concentration and quantity as permit easy and perfect digestion.

Women of To-Day.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton's daughter is fitting herself for a lecturer.

A branch of the Royal School of Art Needle-work has been opened at Glasgow.

A Georgia woman sold 13,000 pounds of dried fruit the other day. Another avenue open to women.

A Philadelphia lady is the owner of a valuable relic in the shape of a manuscript copy of Wesley's hymns in the handwriting of their author.

Fashionable mothers, not content with practicing artifices for false show upon themselves, fasten false tresses to their children's combs and hats.

Evelyn Wedrick, a Memphis girl, 17 years old, nursed two families through the yellow fever, and then died herself. She had always seemed very timid and retiring in manner.

The Cincinnati ladies give much attention to art decoration. They have an art pottery in which they work, and a potter who can make them any odd shape for which they choose to ask.

One hundred acres of wheat cut with a reaper, keeping six binders going, was the work of a Scotch lassie of Lexington, Ind. She used three pairs of horses in relays, but tired them all out.

Mrs. George Lux has just died in Utica, N. Y., at the age of 80 years. She has seven children, forty-three grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren, all living in that city, who survive her.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is worth more than $5,000,000 and yet earth holds no more unhappy woman than she. What's money to her, when she remembers her dead son, the misery of lonely widowhood and the loss of her throne.

A person once asked Rosa Bonheur if she did not regret being unmarried and without children. She replied that "almost any woman could marry and have children. Few could produce pictures like Rosa Bonheur—they were her children."

Mrs. Ann Glanville is an English woman nearly 90 years old, who is said to be the best female rower in the world having, with a crew of four other women, won victories over similar crews in England and France, and in some cases over boats manned by men.

An English school board has expelled an 8-year-old pupil who came to school with ornamental beads in her ears, and a Philadelphia private school teacher has refused to readmit a girl who has been playing in the juvenile "Pinafore" company during the summer.

A Mother's Love.

Mother's live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in the human language; and yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude, which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold, as the mother watches by night or prays in the privacy of her closet. She weighs well the words which she addresses to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheering love, while her own heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligations which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can his mother's wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace and happiness—and yet he will part from her at the tomb with a debt to her not half paid.

Three New York capitalists, we are glad to observe, are building near the Grand-Street ferry a block of tenements six stories in height, on an improved plan, which has been successfully introduced in London. The characteristic feature of the design is a central tower leading from the sidewalk to the roof. In this tower are circular stairways inclosed by fire-proof walls, and from the landings balconies with slate flooring give access to the rooms. The danger from fire is thus reduced to the minimum. Each family has a set of two or three rooms entirely apart from the other tenements on the same floor, and each apartment has direct light and thorough ventilation. From the living-room a door opens into an extension which is fitted up as a wash-room, with a water-closet in the rear. The rooms are large, the windows are of unusual size, and all the appointments are excellent. The building is closely modeled after the three blocks erected by Mr. Alfred T. White in South Brooklyn. It may not be in all respects the model home for working people which our architects were planning last winter, but it is a thoroughly good design, and, moreover, it is a paying investment. Mr. White charges his tenants from $5.21 to $7.95 a month for tenements of three or four rooms—very low rentals, and yet his buildings yield him a fair return on the cost of construction. The rentals of the New York block are to be set at higher figures, from $8 to $10 a month, and there is every reason to believe that it will prove a remunerative investment.—*New York Tribune.*

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....DEC. 13, 1879

Three Catholic Bishoprics are to be established in America, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York.

Mr. Cornell, Governor-elect of New York, is spoken of as a candidate for Vice President on the Republican ticket.

The services of George C. Gorham as correspondent from the National Capital, have been secured by the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

The San Luis Obispo *Tribune* wants to know: "In the Irwin-White business, is it a case of fatted calf and prodigal son? or prodical calf and fatted son?"

A bill has been, or is about to be, introduced in Congress to pay all Union soldiers, or their heirs, the difference between gold and greenbacks at the time they were paid, and six per cent. interest from the time of payment. Congressman Weaver, who is the father of the bill, is bidding for the soldiers' vote. He may get that vote, but it is doubtful if they get this money, amounting to $500,000,000.

The following, from Ben. C. Truman, whose experience as U. S. Postal Agent entitles his opinions to weight, is a sarcastic comment on Postmaster Key's folly:

Editor Post—SIR: According to the Official Post Guide, the letter from Postmaster-General Key to Postmaster James, of New York, containing the instructions which have made so much trouble and mischief, was itself erroneously addressed, and, according to the instructions it contained, should have been sent to the Dead Letter Office. The letter was addressed as follows: "T. L. James, New York City." There is no such office as "New York City" in the Postal Guide. Very respectfully, BEN. C. TRUMAN.

A man must be a damphool who issues an order to the general public to observe his technical rulings, when he himself, or his Secretaries, don't know enough to follow his own directions.—[S. F. Merchant.

The "Bee" on Hayes' Message.

The Sacramento *Bee* expresses a very appropriate estimate of Hayes' Message, to this effect: "It is too long, in the first place, more a rehash of events than an expression of ideas, more like the work of a clerk than the production of a thinker. His views on the currency question are well-known. He is thankful for the firm basis on which the nation's credit has been placed, but neglects to state that that credit was obtained, not by an adherence to the financial views of himself and John Sherman, but by a departure from them. On civil sevice reform, the public will remember that his past acts on this subject have consisted of talk; that he said about the same thing when he was inaugurated, and that he just as far off from any enforcement of his ideas as ever. On the timber question he has little to say further than to recount events, and the other points in the Message are either not worthy of particular mention here, or are simply facts and figures."

Connecticut and New Jersey will stand with Democratic New York in 1880, the New Haven *Register* thinks. Indiana is solidly and safely Democratic. The Democratic outlook is encouraging. But one thing is needed—harmony. Democrats must learn to stand together at the polls as the Republicans do. We can elect the next President, but to succeed we must harmonize the party now. There is no time for arguing fine points of finance, and quibbling over the more delicate shades of social science. The men who believe in the principles of Jefferson must unite. When the battle of 1880 is fought and won, we may have time to discuss questions of precedence, of leadership and etiquette. The duty of the present is to struggle not for leadership; but to vie with each other in gaining recruits to the Democratic army. Let us fill the ranks to fighting figures. Get the political invalids out of the hospitals. Look up the stragglers and have an eye on deserters. Organization is what is wanted. Thorough discipline is needed. If the Democrats fall into line with their oldtime enthusiasm the result in 1880 will be a victory for the people.

An Unwarrented Claim.

The titular President of the United States in his recent message to Congress, with a serene complacency that would be amusing if it were less insolent, claims for his Administration and his party the credit of the resumption of specie payments and the restoration of the fiscal affairs of the country to a sound and healthy basis. The claim is audacious, and wholly unsupported by a single fact in the history of the Republican party, or of the titular President's Administration. Every act of legislation, every excutive measure, and every enunciation of Republican policy from 1861 down to the day that the Democrats achieved a majority in the lower House of Congress, not only tended but was openly designed to depreciate the public credit, to unsettle the finances, to maintain an unnatural variance between the value of coin and paper currency, and to perpetuate irredeemable and worthless paper as the standard of values and the medium of exchange. That system would have been perpetuated indefinitely if the Republican party had remained in unchecked control of the Legislative as well as of the Executive Department of the Government. And it was only by the persistent, untiring and "revolutionary" efforts of the Democratic House of Representatives, seconded and supported by one single Republican Senator—John P. Jones—in opposition to the whole power of the Administration and of the moneyed powers of the country, that the existing fiscal system was adopted, and yet for that system the titular President claims for his Administration and his party all the credit and all the glory! It is true that Mr. Sherman, as Finance Minister of the Administration, after fighting the existing system as long as he could fight it, has, since the law compelled him to do it whether or no, very faithfully and very ably executed the law as it was given him by a Democratic House and a single Republican Senator. To that extent and no farther is the Administration of Mr. Hayes entitled to credit for the existing financial system—the soundest and most nearly perfect financial system that has been devised by the wisdom or deduced from the experience of mankind.—[Stockton Herald.

In Too Much of a Hurry.

The *Indianopolis Mail*, a Radical paper, thinks the Radicals of Indiana should not be in too much of a hurry to crowd the State with Southern negroes. Says the *Mail:* "It is fair to assume that the negro laborers of the South are as well paid as the average laborer of the North. They receive food, clothing and shelter. Does the average Northern laborer receive more? In thousands of instances it is shown that the Southern farm-hand is able to save money and purchase land. Is this true of the Northern farm-laborer? It will be seen by a close examination of the subject that the negro in the South is getting along, all things considered, quite as well, if not better, than the farm-laborers of Indiana, and that thousands of them should be induced to come to this State to embarrass and impoverish those who earn a livelihood as farm-hands cannot be defended upon any principle of justice to either party or to either section. It is not philanthrophic, for neither party is benefitted. It is not in consonance with political economy, for it is not calculated to advance the general welfare; and since the exodus movement is not philanthrophic nor economic, those engaged in carrying it forward should be persuaded to desist."

The Republican leaders in Indiana are however, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* asserts, determined to import, at a great expense, enough negroes to enable them to carry the State next year. The programme will not be popular, and the results of such importation will not be good for the Republican party, upon whom the responsibilty will rest.

The Los Angeles *Herald* says: While a number of California Republicans are being pressed for the Vice-Presidency, it might not be amiss to suggest that in the person of Hon. E. W. McKinstry, one of the Judges of the present and new Supreme Court the Democracy would have an admirable candidate for the second place on the national ticket. Judge McKinstry is probably the most popular man in the State. As an instance of this fact it is only necessary to point to the tremendous vote received by him for Judge at the late election. His Democracy is of the superlative order, while his ability and spotless worth are matters of universal knowledge.

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All of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Give her a call before Christmas. dc1

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Diseases of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent and fatal, that a safe and reliable remedy for them is invaluable to every community. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results, which enables physicians as well as invalids to use it with confidence. It is the most reliable remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs that science has produced. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt and certain relief, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it without difficulty. In the treatment of ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household, for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

The marvellous cures which AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has effected all over the world are a sufficient guaranty that it will continue to produce the best results. An impartial trial will convince the most sceptical of its wonderful curative powers, as well as of its superiority over all other preparations for pulmonary complaints.

Eminent physicians in all parts of the country, knowing its composition, recommend AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to invalids, and prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proved its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

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PATENTS procured upon inventions. No Attorney's Fees in Advance. Our House was established in 1869. We file CAVEATS, and obtain TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, Etc.

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Send us a Model of your Invention, with your own description of it, for our opinion as to patentability. No Attorney's Fees unless Patent is Secured. Our Book of Instructions, etc., "How to Procure Patents," sent FREE on request. Also sample copies of the "Scientific Record," the Inventors' Journal.

R. S. & A. P. LACEY,
Patent Attorneys,
604 F street, near Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS.

All disabled Soldiers, and heirs of deceased Soldiers, who died from consequences of service in the Army, are entitled to PENSIONS. No Arrears allowed after July, 1st, 1880. Send stamps for full instructions in all kinds of Soldiers' claims.

J. H. SYPHERD & CO.,
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Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON

IMPORT DRUGS AND MEDICINES DIRECT FROM NEW YORK AND SELL AT EASTRN PRICES. THEY HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK IN YOLO CO. ONE DOOR WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE, WOODLAND CAL.

Cheap!

Cheap!

Cheap!

AT A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

WOODLAND.

We are selling Goods cheaper than any other house in the County in order to make oomfor a large consignment of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

To arrive within two weeks, Now is the tine to buy your Goods Cheap. No humbug either. Call at

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

PIONEER STORE.

ATLANTIC COAL OIL

Is Absolutely Safe and Water White. For sale, wholesale and retail, at Lowest Market Rates, by

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

ish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

WOODLAND STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my19-3m

GOOD TIME COMING!

Everything Going Up!

An Advance All Along the Line.

TIME

TAKEN BY THE FORELOCK

—BY—

CULVER.

As the prices of all kinds of goods are advancing, and are liable to be on the rise for some time, I would state to the people of Woodland and Yolo county, that having laid in an immense stock of goods before the rise took place, I am prepared to give low prices on all my goods. In the line of

GROCERIES

I have as fine a stock as was ever brought to this county. My line of

CROCKERY

is very complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in MAJOLICA WARE and my stock of WOOD and WILLOW ware, etc., connot be surpassed.

Inviting each and every one to call and examine prices, I remain

Respectfully,

C. B. CULVER.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERLD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY

STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

On account of the editor being confined to his bed last week the STANDARD did not make its appearance. We shall try and manage it so that there will be no repetition of this thing.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Musical Festival cleared $38 over and above the expenses.

The Congregational Society—will meet at the church this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Perfumery and Toilet Articles for the Holidays at Whittemore & Higginson's. *

Mrs. Hafky has made a great reduction in the prices of goods suitable for Christmas-tree presents. Give her a call.

There will be a a Sunday School Concert at the Congregational Church to-morrow evening, weather permitting.

The Willows *Journal* says that Milton Tindall, who was formerly a resident of Woodland is now an inmate of the Napa Insane Asylum.

The Teachers' Institute was a success. At its close Supt. Pendegast was presented with a handsome gold chain by the teachers of the Institute.

Secretary of State elect Burns has sent his resignation as County Clerk to the Board of Supervisors, but they have taken no action upon the matter as yet.

John Q. Brown, Esq, of Sacramento, has purchased all the stock of the Woodland Gas Company, and will proceed to disincorparate, and run the business as a private concern.

Mrs. W. W. Brownell has our thanks for a fine cluster of oranges, picked from a tree at her residence. The tree is now full of them. and presents a beautiful appearance.

Divine services in Washington Hall Sunday morning and evening, by Rev. D. F. Howell pastor Baptist Church. Services commence at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

The Knights' Landing Dramatic Club will appear in Central Hall Woodland, on Saturday evening next, in the drama entitled "Among the Breakers." Admission, 50 cents.

A soiree is to be given at Central Hall on Wednesday evening next by Mrs. Mirasole, who has been conducting a class in dancing with great success in Woodland for the past month.

A large and elegant stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spectacles, Eye-glasses, etc., just received at J. A. Barclay's Jewelry Store, Main street, Woodland. *

Rev. Father J. A. Rooney will deliver a lecture in the Catholic Church, Woodland, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 23d, 1879, at 7 o'clock. Subject: "Does God Rule the World?" Admission, 50 cents.

C. S. Grey, the Jeweler, opposite the Express Office, beats them all selling Christmas Goods this year. He has a good assortment of holiday goods, which he is selling at very reasonable prices.

Despite the improvement in the times and the prospects of good times coming, there are at present several families in the town of Woodland who would be in actural want were it not for the efforts of the ladies of the Relief Society.

The oak tree that stood at the crossing of Main and Elm streets was cut down and removed yesterday. The water-tank, used by the street sprinkler, which stood immediately under the tree has also been removed, and the corner has a much neater appearance than formerly.

D. M. Burns, Secretary of State elect, has published a list of his appointments. Among them we notice Geo. Gale, of Sacramento, as Clerk, and E. L. Craft, of Woodland, as Janitor of the Capital building. Both young gentlemen capable and honest, and in every way worthy of the appointments.

Marshall Diggs returned last week from a sixweeks visit to the "old folks at home" in Montgomery county, Missouri. Marshall says that he is still of the opinion that California is the only State in the Union, and that he would not live in Missouri again if he was given a whole county. He will be back in his old place in Freeman's Hardware store on the first of January.

The preliminary survey of Cache Creek and also Putah Creek have now been made, and soon, we suppose, the Magnates of the Railroad will decide which route is to be adopted. We do not care which they choose, but can assure those who have the matter in charge that a Railroad into Lake County will be a paying investment for them.—[Lower Lake Bulliton.

A meeting of those who are to take part in the comic opera of "The Sorcerer," which is to be given for the benefit of the Ladies Relief Society of Woodland, was held at Central Hall on Thursday evening of this week, and it was decided that a success could be made of the undertaking. The parts will be cast next week, and rehearsals will begin immediately thereafter. It will take about six-weeks drill to place it on the stage in good style.

Services at the M. E. Church to-morrow, (Sunday) at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Subject of morning discourse, "Some Phazes of the Present Conflict, and How to Meet Them." In the evening Mr. Stuart will introduce a series of Bibical Lectures on "The Second Coming of Christ, and Kindred Topics." These Lectures will be conducted in the most liberal and candid spirit, and all will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing them.

The Musical Festival.

We were unable to attend the Grand Musical Festival that was given at Washington Hall last week. From the remarks that we have heard made in regard to it, and from what we saw of the rehearsals, we judge that it was not a success. That is, the greater portion of the audience, those that furnished the necessary amount of dollars and cents with which to pay the expenses of the concern, were not by any means satisfied. The management placed their mark too high, were too classical, tried to be too high-toned, and while they struck clear above the ear of the common herd, utterly failed to reach that of the greatly refined few. Nine-tenths of the people who attend entertainments are persons whose time is principally taken up in the homely business affairs of life, and they do not have the opportunity to become critical musicians or fine Italian scholars, and therefore do not appreciate a difficult piece of music in a foreign language as much as they would a more simple song in their mother tongue. This idea that a piece of music to be just the thing, must be rendered in Italian is symbolic of the shoddyism of which Americans are getting notorious. We will wager a last year's almanac that not one of the solo singers at the late Festival understood three words of the Italian which she so outrageously butchered. It would no doubt be as amusing to an educated Italian to attend one of our concerts and listen to our soloists as it would an Englishman to hear a person rush upon the stage and inquire

"Vetter it vash nobler in der mind to suffer
Der schlings und arrows oof oudrachous fortune."

But some of the pieces on the programme are very highly spoken of. The selections of the Orchestra and Ellis Band are especially mentioned as very fine, and all the solo singers did well—barring the Italian. Some of the chourses were well rendered, but as a general thing they were not as well rendered as they were by the Handel and Haydn Society two years ago. The crowd was not as large as was anticpated, and taken as a whole we cannot conscienciously say it was a grand success.

Hales' Honey of Horehound and Tar is the best known remedy for Coughs and Colds. For sale at Whittemore & Higgison's Drug Store. *

From Capay.

CAPAY, Dec. 8th 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD.—The farmers in this section are happy over the prospects of a good season—the rains have put the ground in excellent condition for the plow.

Some of the "Capay Delegates" have returned from the Musical Convention and pronounced it the biggest "Blow out" of the season. Without doubt they astonished the "Woodlandites" with a fine display of Musical talent.

The Duke is away on a visit to Sacramento.

Dr. Craig has purchased a lot adjoining Freman & Grimes Store and is putting up quite a building to be used as an office and Drug Store.

Mr. Summ, has built himself a neat residence in the rear of his Meat Market.

Mr. J. Davisson has purchased the property of A. J. Wells in this place and moved his family into town.

Our town was greatly excited one day last week on account of an expected collision between the "Duke" and the "Hon, Hud" which was finally settled without bloodshed.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads "Ed" has put an extra team on his Stage and makes his trips to and from Woodland "On time."

The Stage from here to Lower Lake consists of a sulky drawn by a single horse.

The Ball given by the Odd Fellows on Thanksgiving Night was a decided success.

No steps have been taken as yet in regard to Christmas but we hope to have some amusement.

F. H. Henrich of Madison has closed his Meat Market in this place but will open it again in about two months.

D. Levy is at the Bay buying goods for his Store.

We have a Photograph Gallery in town but business is slack with them. SCRIB.

If you want strictly pure Cream of Tartar you can get it at Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store. *

THE BOY ORATOR.—J. Harry Shannon, the boy orator, gave two performances to fair audiences at Washington Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. This boy is really a wonder. He recites the most difficult recitations with the ease and grace of a gifted orator, and has none of the school boy manners that one would expect to see. Last evening his selections from Patrick Henry and John B. Gough were especially fine, and brought forth tumultuous applause.

Science has accomplished no more wonderful or gratifying result than the perfection of an antidote to the chilling signs of approaching age, something to obliberate the tell-tale tracks of time and preserve the natural adornments of youth to ripe old age. Hall's Hair Renewer does all this, and its praise resounds in cottage and palace. The dwellers among the snows of Norway and the peasants of sunny France and Spain find use for it, and find means to get it, and it does not disappoint them. The whitening locks again resume their youthful color, the thin, dry, and faded hair becomes bright and glossy. The whole appearance is changed as if by magic, and the man or woman, who, before was called aged, now appears as one in the prime of life. Such wondrous changes cannot pass unnoticed, and they have produced the unprecedented demand that now exists for the first and only article ever compounded that can produce them in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.—[New Era, Woodstock, Ill.

Main street is being graveled by Rupley and Johnson, they having received the contract.

THE GREAT EVENT.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

On the evening of Dec. 4th our city was illuminated by one of those brilliant events, which at times are caused to glow by corruscations from genius of more than ordinary sparkle, alighting upon, entering into and leavening the larger mass of grosser mental material. The music loving citizens of this city and county, (which contains more than the ordinary amount of musical talent) were entertained with a feast at which Euterpe would have reveled in ecstatic delirium. The beautiful faces of our ladies, the manly forms of our elegant gentlemen, the exquisite costumes, the brilliant glare of myriad gas jets, the gay colors, the harmoniously blending notes from hundreds of trained throats, pouring upward in rendition of the grand, sacred and solemn anthems of Mozart, commingled with the soul inspiring strains from the skillfully handled instruments of the accomplished artists of the orchestra, and the massive, sonorous and impressive concords of the Brass Band, elevated the listeners upon the wings of harmonious delight to an altitude so ethereal, that the decent to common levels was absolutely painful.

The first treat of the evening was a highly entertaining and instructive discourse (not billed) by one of the tenors, that by its musical cadences, sounding periods and oritund eloquence, constituted a most harmonious prelude to the evening's festivities, composing the nerves and soothing the sensibilities of the large and patient audience to a proper condition of plasticity to receive what was to follow.

The stage was ingeniously arranged with raised seats in the form of a re-entrant angle, the drop curtain being drawn back and forming a not unpleasing canopy over the heads of the singers; but shortly after the sopranos and altos assumed their positions, a slight flutter of uneasiness among them became manifest, attributed by some to timidity at the unusual situation; but by others to the consciousness that the brilliant pea-green of the curtain did not enhance the natural snowiness and rose-carmine of the human female complexion.

As soon as the opening address was concluded the original brilliancy of the stage was increased by the successive and repeated appearances of the originator of this great musical event, and his coadjutors, and by the Prime Violinist of the Orchestra and Basso Drumist of the Brass Band, evidently emulating each other in virtuous conspicuity as sparkling lights in the bright galaxy of geniuses who flashed upon the idea and carried to success this momentous project. The eyes of the audience feasted upon them in silent admiration.

The opening performance, "A Strong Castle is our Lord," did justice to the name and convinced the audience that the composition was also a "Strong Castle."

At its conclusion, the originator and coadjutant No. 1, walked successfully and at random to the front of the stage and back, and the 1mo. Violinist and Basso Drumist stepped majestically out on the stage and down the step ladder at its front.

The originator led this performance, genius flashing from every stroke of the baton in his white kidded hand, and scintillating along the graceful outline of his back.

Here the originator scored honor No. 1.

The second performance, "Le Diadame," (in English, "The Diadem,") an instrumental performance by the Orchestra, elicited storms of applause, and an encore was demanded, duly deserved and duly rendered.

During this performance all eyes were riveted in harmonious admiration upon the different performers. Chiefly conspicuous was the leader, whom we will identify as coadjutant No. 1, the 1mo. Violinist and the Clarionet Soloist. This latter was observed to have encircled his swan like throat with a classic fillet of white flannel, with a pink edge, in several folds, it was supposed, to add effect to the sweet tones of his instrument.

"And still the wonder grew
That one sore throat could blow all he blew,"

N. B.—"And had his throat not been so sore
He might have blown a good deal more."

The baton of the leader, with hands incased in flesh color, and his classical back suggested the same ideas of genius as the originator's. His shoes enhanced the suggestion. Genius would probably have corruscated around the shoes had they been less than cork-toed elevens.

In this performance, coadjutant No. 1, scored an honor, the just reward of true genius. The honors were now easy. And I may here add that the honors alternated in regular succession between the originator and No. 1, to the end of the performance, and by having observed a scrupulous exactitude in the alternation ended "honors easy." The 1mo Violinist and Basso Drumist distinguished himself as a great master of the first named instrument. At the last passage the magnetic flashes of genius along his spinal cord and brachial nerves, acting upon his delicate organization threw him into a state of intense agitation and ecstatic activity.

At the close of the piece the originator and No. 1 walked down the stage and then back, and the 1mo. Violinist after recovering due composure, arose and walked forward over the stage and down the step ladder. Genius emanated from the grand swell of his portly bosom. Coadjutant No. 2 now appeared upon the stage, in the usual succession, evidently a genius after the massive order, through whose noble brain had flashed so many intense gleams of the heavenly fire, that the heat had withered the radical extremities of the natural capilary adornment of his Orphean occiput. The aura of genius glowing around the shining denudity formed a crown of more sparkling brilliancy than the natural hair and a glorious atonement for its loss.

It would consume too much space to mention specially each and every performance. Suffice is to say, that they were all characterized by that degree of excellence which the genius of the performers assured in advance to them. In the main they were most excellent and creditable.

After the "Star Spangled Banner," the originator was observed in an etheralized ecstacy of soul to produce from his vest pocket a small phial, and to regale himself with a sugar-coated pill of the one hundred and forty-four thousandth potency, with a silent smack of intense satisfaction.

It was painfully evident during the evening's performance that there was some doubt in the minds of the originator, the two co-adjutants and the 1mo. Violinist and Basso Drumist as to whose account the principal honors of the occasion should be credited. If your contributor may be permitted to express an opinion, he would say that to the 1mo. Violinist, belonged the honors, for he most certainly shed more effulgence over the audience by his genial expression of satisfied genius and graceful and repeated ascendings and descendings of the step ladder, and majestic walks across the stage.

A grand feature of the evening's entertainment were the Sopranos and Contraltos imported from Italy for this special occasion, who rendered exquisite selections, in their native tongue, to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

During the evening the attention of the audience was repeatedly and painfully drawn to a table on the right of the stage just outside the circle of singers, by the originator and No. 1 repeatedly and arduously climbing over the seats and inspecting attentively what seemed to be a large decanter of reddish liquor, and then climbing back again on to the stage. Many of the audience seemed to imagine that a great amount of the genius of the occasion was to be attributed to this and that the contents of the decanter in some remote way kept alive the etherial fame. Every time one or the other approached the table a look of longing expectancy could have been observed to appear upon the faces of sundry short cropped and mustached gentlemen in ulsters in the back part of the hall. But not once was the decanter raised and that expression settled back into one of profound disgust. It was just before the "Star Spangled Banner" was rendered that the keenest interest was awakened for the originator and coadjutor actually sat down at the table several times apiece, filling in the intervals by climbing on and off the stage. The originator remained sitting at the table during the song, but just at the close of it, when he thought nobody was looking, he made a sudden grasp at it, but missed it, and there was a snap like a tumbler being cracked.

Thus ended this grand patriotic anthem. As the audience settled back with a sigh of intense relief, some hoodlums out behind Lawson's stable, thinking no doubt, to disturb the entertainment shot off a good sized mud pie filled with powder. This was the only annoyance of the evening with the exception that just at the close of the performance and the Anvil Chorus combined, they shot off another one, but nobody cared for it as the performance was closed; and that during the Anvil Chorus two rude persons intruded the stage and pounded some metal substance with hammers and would have put the performers out had that been possible.

This entertainment was repeated with changes of programme on the evenings of Dec. 5th and 6th, and on those evenings the same display of musical and other kinds of genius was made as on the first evenings. I would very much like to have given a more particular description of the different performers, the costumes of the ladies, etc., but feel that I have already trespassed too far on your time and patience, and further that I feel myself wholly unable to do the subject justice. In conclusion, expressing the desire that we may have a frequent repetition of these grand creations of exalted genius, I am yours, X.

Go to Beach's Job office for your fancy printing. *

A Valuable Medicine.

Buchu in various forms has for many years been one of the chief articles in the *Materia Medica* for the treatment of certain diseases, among which are chiefly those affecting the urinary. digestive, and circulatory organs The difficulty that was long experienced in obtaining a preparation of this valuable drug that could always be relied upon for uniformity in strength and absolute purity led to the introduction of Helmbold's Extract of Buchu, which for the last quarter of a century has been extensively used both by physicians and in house and family practice, and with very gratifying success. This medicine, like every other valuable thing, has been extensively imitated, and those who have use for it will do well to see that they obtain the *genuine* "Helmbold Buchu," the only pure and reliable preparation.

Woodland merchants have received their holiday goods and, are making some fine displays of the same.

An Instance of Atrocious Lying.

In the city papers yesterday this dispatch appeared:

NEW ORLEANS, December 4.—The *Observer*, the Republican organ, publishes a statement received by the Republican Campaign Committee from Delta, to the effect that Dave Armstrong was hung on Sunday night. R. H. Brown, late Postmaster, was hung, and ex-Sheriff Peck was whipped and stretched on Monday night and twenty-five others were run away from the parish. The terrorism was complete. The parish has been counted by over 2,000 majority for the Democrats. Republicans did not vote.

And in the dispatches of this morning appears this:

VICKSBURG, December, 5.—The report from Delta, published in the *Observer*, and telegraphed from New Orleans last night, about affairs in Madison Parish, Louisiana, is pronounced false in every particular. R. H. Brown the man reported hanged, was at home at Tullulah, La., this evening, well and hearty. Other cases reported are on a par with that of Brown. The election passed off more quietly than has been known for years.

The reader should observe that the first dispatch reports the statement as coming from the Radical Campaign Committee at Delta, and also its publication in the Radical organ at New Orleans. Care was thus taken to give the atrocious lie the appearance of truth. Madison Parish, Louisiana, is just across the Mississippi river from Warren county, Mississippi, in which Vicksburg is, and a long distant up the river from New Orleans—over three hundred miles by steamboat route. Delta is only a very short distance from Vicksburg, and therefore it is to the latter place that word is most likely to be sent of any uncommon occurrence in Delta The fact that the account was sent from New Orleans is in itself a suspicious circumstance. But the main point is the fabrication and publication of a lie so infamous in its nature and devilish in its purpose. And it should be borne in mind that it is only one of the very many of similar character and intention which are manufactured for campaigning uses throughout the country and to "fire the Northern heart" to fierce hatred of the South.—[Examiner, 6th inst.

BORN.

In Sacramento, Dec. 9th, 1879, to the wife of J.E. T. Pike, a daughter.

In Woodland, Dec. 7th. 1879, to the wife of Geo. W. Myrick, a son.

In Woodland, Dec. 7th, 1879, to the wife of B. F. Bumbaugh, a daughter.

TOOMBS ON DUTY.—A stranger was yesterday at the capitol to pay his respects to Gov. Colquitt. While waiting to be admitted to his Excellency the gruff, earnest tones of a heavy voice in the ante-chamber attracted his attention.

"Who is the stout, grim old gentleman yonder?" inquired the stranger from New York.

"That is Gen. Bob. Toombs."

"The d——l, you say! Well, he's a man I have wished a thousand times to see. Does he live here?"

"No," said the gentleman near at hand; "he lives down the Georgia road, but he has come up to collect the money for a poor old one-armed Confederate soldier in his county."

"Money?"

"Yes: the State allows the one-legged or one-armed soldier an artificial limb, or the price of it in cash. Most of them take the cash. Gen. Toombs says there was one of the boys down in his county who wanted his money, and some d—tupenny lawyer wanted to charge $10 to make out his papers."—[Atlanta Coustitution.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WHAT AN OLD CALIFORNIAN SAW

—AT THE—

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

STORE.

The finest and cheapest BUSINESS SUITS, FINE DRESS SUITS, the finest Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, a full and well selected stock of Youth's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc

Also the finest lot of DRY GOODS, Etc, ever brought to Woodland. Silk, Silk Velvet, Satin of all shades, etc.

All we ask of you is to call in and we will show you the goods. Remember the FARMESS' & MECHANICS' STORE, Excelsior Block, Main St. Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire st-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

THE WOODLAND STANDARD

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor

This Life of Ours.

BY F. L. STANTON.

This life of ours is not as drear
As we would often make it;
Nor is it half as lonesome here
As many people make it.
If skies are sometimes overcast
And all seems dark before us,
The sunshine always comes at last
And throws its splendor o'er us!

A little while and we are gay,
And then our hearts are saddened;
And so it is, from day to day,
Our lives are grieved and gladdened.
We seek the joys that fortune brings
Though scarcely worth the giving,
But oft forget the *little things*
That sweeten life and living!

There is a beauty that adorns
This changing life of ours,
For if our pathway has its thorns
It also has its flowers!
And Hope is ever whispering nigh
If we would only hear it;
The Cross would never make us sigh
If we would meekly bear it!

The Sickles Tragedy.

On Sunday afternoon, the 27th of February, 1859, on President Square, opposite the White House, in the City of Washington, Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, shot and killed Philip Barton Key, of the City of Washington.

Mr. Sickles was at that time Member of Congress from the City of New York, and Mr. Key was, as his father had been, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

Mr. Sickles was born in the City of New York in 1821, was brought up in the printing business, but turned his attention to law. He studied in the office of Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. He early became a leading Democratic politician, and in 1847 was elected a Member of Assembly to the State Legislature. He was afterward elected a Member of the State Senate. When Mr. Buchanan was appointed American Minister to England, Mr. Sickles was, for a short time, Secretary of Legation, and with George N. Saunders, of Kentucky, urged forward measures for the acquisition of Cuba by the United States.

In 1856 he was elected a Member of Congress and was re-elected in 1858, one week before the expiration of his first term, and after his re-election the tragedy in which he was the chief actor occurred.

He took an active part in the late war of the rebellion, and raised what was known as the Sickles Brigade, and attained the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He was conspicuous at the battle of Gettysburg, which his disobedience or misunderstanding of orders somewhat precipitated, and in the early part of it was seriously wounded and lost a leg.

In 1866 President Johnson nominated him as United States Minister Resident to the Netherlands, which he declined. He was afterward appointed a Colonel in the regular army, and breveted a Major-General and was in command at Charleston, in South Carolina, during the throes of reconstruction, and was complained of as exercising unnecessary harshness in the discharge of his duty. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, which, in 1868, nominated General Grant for President, and in 1869 was appointed by President Grant United States Minister to Spain. Mr. Sickles is a man of pleasing presence, fair complexion, blue and expressive eyes, firm mouth, and massive hair and moustache. His manners are graceful in form and movement. His use of the crutches seemed the perfection of easy grace and manner. He is about the ordinary size, well built, and possessed of remarkable coolness, dignity, and determination.

Mr. Key was a member of one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Washington. His grandfather, John Ross Key, and his granduncle, Philip Barton Key, were both noted men. His granduncle was a captain in the English army at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, but was Member of the United States Congress in 1807-13. John Ross Key married a daughter of Governor Lloyd of Virginia. Their son, Francis Scott Key, father of our present subject, was the famous author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and their daughter married Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Key was about forty years older than Mr. Sickles. His sister married George H. Pendleton, who was at this time a Member of Congress from Ohio, 1857-65, and was candidate in 1864 for Vice-President on the ticket with George B. McClellan. His father, Nathaniel G. Pendleton, a native of Georgia, was a Member of Congress from Ohio, 1841-3, and his grandfather, Nathaniel Pendleton, was the second of Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr.

Mr. Key, at the time of the affray, was a widower, with four children. He was about six feet in height, of good presence and fine figure, with agreeable address and fascinating manners, which rendered him popular in the brilliant society which then shone at Washington.

In 1852 Mr. Sickles married Miss Teresa Bagioli, daughter of a celebrated composer, and teacher of music in New York.

She was then a lovely girl, just from school, and only about sixteen. The type of her beauty was that of Italy, of which her father was a native, with eyes of deep and lustrous softness, like an Italian sky, youthful, lovely, and beautiful in person and manners.

Shortly after their marriage she went out with her husband on his appointment to London as Secretary of the American Legation, in the household of Mr. Buchanan, and there the young bride attracted universal attention by her personal charms and by her innocent gayety and girlish joyousness.

For a time after their return from Europe they occupied a charming residence at Bloomingdale, overlooking the Hudson, and when he took his seat in Congress he fixed his residence in the elegant house on President Square, afterward occupied by Speaker Colfax, and more recently by Richard W. Thompson, the present Secretary of the Navy. At the time of the tragedy their only child, Laura, was about five years of age.

The details of the scandal which led to the tragedy it is not for me to reproduce. Enough to say that Washington gossip whispered suspicions that Mr. Key was too attentive to Mrs. Sickles. He had been a constant visitor to the Sickles mansion, and was always received as a welcome guest. In the recess of Congress he visited them in New York, and on the reassembling of Congress, in December, 1858, continued his familiar calls. Mr. Key made his headquarters at the club house on the opposite side of the square, and frequently rode out on his spirited horse, stopping at the Sickles' mansion.

Three days before the tragedy, Mr. and Mrs. Sickles entertained a large party at his usual Thursday evening dinners. On these occasions Mr. Key and his sister and her husband, Mr. Pendleton, were frequently present. On Friday, the day after this party, Mr. Sickles received a letter signed R. P. G., detailing the meetings of Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles, and designating a house in Fifteenth street which Mr. Key had rented from a colored man named Jyhn A. Gray, where they frequently met. Nearly a year before this Mr. Sickles had had his suspicions aroused by some story communicated to him by George B. Woolridge, of Mr. Key riding out on horseback, on the Bladensburg road, while he was in New York, but was satisfied that there was nothing in it; but this letter of R. P. G. was so specific in its statement that on examination Mr. Sickles believed it true. The next evening, Saturday, after examining the matter, he confronted his wife with the facts and proof, and she made and signed a confession that she had met Mr. Key at this house on Fifteenth street. The next day, Sunday, Mr. Key passed the house of Mr. Sickles and waved his handkerchief, which had been a signal between them to go out to meet each other.

In a short time Mr. Sickles sailed out, met Mr. Key near the club-house, and exclaimed, "Key, you scoundrel, you must die!" He drew a pistol from his overcoat skirt pocket and fired. The shot took effect in the groin. Key hurled an opera-glass at Sickles, and grappled with him. They then separated, and Key retreated up Sixteenth street toward the club-house. Sickles followed and fired again, the shot passing through Key's body below the heart. At the second shot they were about three paces apart. Sickles approached still nearer, and, with his pistol close to Mr. Key, fired the third time, the ball entering near where the second shot had taken effect. Four or five shots were fired while Mr. Key was making frantic appeals for his life. He fell upon the sidewalk near a tree, a few paces from Pennsylvania avenue, which I believe was struck by one of the balls. The bark and fragments of the tree were carried away as relics.

After Mr. Key fell Mr. Sickles, accompanied by his friend S. F. Butterworth, who had left Mr. Sickles' house and spoken to Key just before Sickles met him, went to the office of Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and gave himself up, and was soon after conducted to jail. Mr. Key was removed to the parlor of the club-house and was soon dead.

Mr. Sickles received a preliminary examination before the committing magistrate. The case went before the Grand Jury, and on Thursday, March 24th, Daniel E. Sickles was indicted for the murder of Philip Barton Key, and the trial was set down for the 4th of April.

Among the grand jurors were Thomas Carberry, Benjamin C. Taylor, Edward C. Dyer, Sayles J. Bowen, and Robert Beale.

The indictment charged that Daniel E. Sickles, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, in and upon the body of one, Philip Barton Key, in the peace of God and of the United States, did make an assault with a pistol, of the value of two dollars, charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet, and which pistol, held in his right hand, he feloniously, willfully, and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off, and did strike, penetrate, and wound said Key in and upon the left side, a little below the tenth rib, inflicting one mortal wound, of the depth of ten inches, and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said wound said Key then and there instantly died. etc.

The case came on for trial on the 4th of April, 1859, before Judge Thomas Hartley Crawford and a jury. Mr. Crawford was born at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, graduated at Princeton, was a Representative in Congress from his native State, 1829-33. He was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1838 by President Van Buren, and in 1847 was appointed by President Polk Judge of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, which position he occupied till his death in 1863.

For the prosecution appeared Robert Ould, Mr. Key's successor as District-Attorney, and J. M. Carlisle.

For the prisoner there appeared a brilliant array of counsel, at the head of which stood James T. Brady, of New York, unequaled in such cases before a jury; John Graham, of New York, and E. H. Stanton, of Washington, with Messrs. Ratcliffe, Clinton, and Magruder, of Washington; Philip Phillips, who had been a Member of Congress from Alabama, 1853-55, and General Thomas F. Meagher, of New York.

The trial lasted twenty days. Three days were occupied in selecting the jury. Some had formed an opinion, some were not worth eight hundred dollars, which a Maryland law made necessary to qualify a juror, and others were otherwise disqualified. Joseph B. Bryan had a bias in favor of the prisoner; Samuel H. Howell, though possessing entire competency, was challeged; Henry M. Hurdle, not having eight hundred dollars, was set aside; Rezin Arnold, had formed and expressed an opinion, but could be guided by the evidence, and he was worth eight hundred dollars; he was accepted as the first juror. At the end of the first day the entire panel was exhausted and only five jurors were found qualified. For the next day a panel of seventy-five jurors was ordered, and out of that number only three were found qualified. Another panel of seventy-five was ordered for the third day, and the jury was completed.

It was rather unexpected that so many were foudn prejudiced in favor of Mr. Sickles. Elijah Edmonston when called said he should acquit the man if placed upon the jury. Charles H. Kitberger seemed to be anxious to get upon the jury. He said he had not formed an opinion and was not biased, but if the prisoner was found guilty he would say, "Hang him as high as h—l."

The defense did not seem to warm to this juror, and he was peremptorily challenged.

During the calling of the jury, George C. Sickles, father of the prisoner, and Mr. Bagioli, the father of Mrs. Sickles, were present.

On the fourth day of the trial District Attorney Ould opened the case in a fervid address to the jury.

Among the witnesses called by the prosecution were Cyrus McCormack, Robert J. Dillon, of New York, Richard Brodhead, formerly Member of the House, and at this time United States Senator from Pennsylvania, Daniel Dougherty, of Pennsylvania; Barry Hayes, a relative and named after Commodore John Barry of the Navy; Edward C. West, Surrogate of New York; Hiram Walbridge, Member of Congress from New York; Welcome R. Beebe, formerly judge and now a prominent lawyer in New York; John B. Haskin, prominent in the recent campaign for John Kelly, and Ambrose C. Kingsland, formerly Mayor of New York. They did not all answer to their names.

The prosecution went on to prove the killing by several witnesses. Some of them said three shots were all that were fired; others said there were five.

Edward Delafield swore that it appeared to him that the first shot missed, the second struck Key in the groin, the third hit him in the breast, the fourth missed, and the fifth took effect in the breast.

One of the witnesses, Richard M. Downer, swore that Mr. Sickles, after Key fell and was lying on his back, stood within fifteen feet of him, and asked: "Is the d—d scoundrel (or rascal) dead?"

Some of the witnesses testified that after shooting Key three times, he pointed the pistol to his head, as he lay on the sidewalk, and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off.

The coroner, Thomas Woodward, produced Key's clothing, and showed where the balls had entered—one on the right thigh, and one on each side of the breast.

Dr. Coolidge was examined as to the wounds, and was cross-examined by Mr. Brady.

While the District Attorney was examining this witness, he asked him what class of pistols the ball found in Key's body belonged.

Mr. Brady objected that a physician was not an expert in the manufacture of arms.

The District Attorney said he must be such expert, or he could not discharge his duty.

Mr. Brady replied that he could discharge his duty without discharging fire-arms.

Dr. Stone, who assisted Dr. Coolidge at the postmortem, was also examined.

The prosecution on the close of the testimony of the doctors, and the recalling of two or three witnesses, announced that the case for the people was closed.

The counsel for the defense contended that the prosecution should be compelled to produce Samuel F. Butterworth, Robert J. Walker, and George B. Wooldridge, who had been examined before the grand jury or coroner's inquest, but after long argument the court refused to so order.

On the sixth day John Graham opened the case for the prisoner in a speech of great research, eloquence, and illustration.

He quoted from the Bible, Shakespeare, and the laws of all nations on the sanctity of marriage and the punishment of those who would seduce the wife from the paths of virtue.

Many witnesses were examined for the defense. Among them William Badger, United States Navy Agent at Philadelphia, John B. Haskin, who entered Congress with Mr. Sickles, and was with him there four years, Daniel Dougherty of Pennsylvania, John J. McElhone, official reporter of the House of Representatives, Jonah D. Hoover, formerly United States Marshal, John H. Goddard, Chief of Police, Reverend Smith Pyne, Episcopal clergyman, who baptized Mr. Sickles' daughter, Robert J. Walker, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Bridget Duffy, Mrs. Sickles' nurse and maid, Miss C. M. Ridgely, George B. Wooldridge, Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, Peter Cagger of Albany and Felix McCloskey of Brooklyn.

These witnesses proved the attentions of Mr. Key to Mrs. Sickles, their riding and walking together, their meeting at parties and at the house on Fifteenth street, the signals of Mr. Key to Mrs. Sickles, when he wished to meet her, the effect of the R. P. G. letter on Mr. Sickles, the state of his mind, and all the antecedents and circumstances of the shooting.

During the examination several scenes were witnessed between the counsel.

On the examination of Mr. Woolridge, Mr. Carlisle, who was aiding the District Attorney in the trial, referring to a remark of Mr. Stanton on the slavery and anti-slavery feeling in the case, that his father was a North Carolinian and his mother a Virginian, said he hoped this fact would be incorporated in his (Mr. Stanton's) biography with the doctrines which he had expressed in this case.

Mr. Stanton said the doctrines he contended for in this case, in defense of homes and families, he would leave to his children as their proudest legacy.

Mr. Carlisle said he did not agree with the gentleman.

Mr. Stanton: Certainly not; I appeal to the hearts of other men.

Mr. Carlisle: There are a great variety of human hearts in this world.

Mr. Stanton: Yes, sir, and some of them very bad ones.

Mr. Carlisle: I am happy that mine is not filled with that which fills others' hearts, though I suppose mine has something that were better out of it.

Mr. Stanton: It would be better were something else in it.

Here the judge interfered.

At another point Mr. Stanton had talked about the prosecution having attempted to destroy evidence.

Mr. Carlisle demanded to know whether Mr. Stanton insinuated that he had any knowledge of an attempt to destroy evidence.

Mr. Stanton: God forbid I should believe you would do it!

Here the judge again interfered.

While Mrs. Sarah Anne Seeley was under examination she was inclined to talk too much, and the judge hinted to her that she should first answer the questions and explain things afterward.

She asked the judge to excuse her, that it was the first time she was ever in court.

Mr. Brady: No wonder you're frightened, seeing so many lawyers here.

Mr. Carlisle: The woman can beat us at talking.

Mr. Radcliffe: It is well they can beat us at something.

While Robert J. Walker was describing Mr. Sickles' state of mind at the time of the shooting, Mr. Sickles was seized with a fit of sobbing and excitement, which, for a time, interrupted the proceedings.

John B. Haskins testified to calling at Mr. Sickles' while Mr. Sickles was absent from home, and entering, without ringing the bell, found Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles enjoying a salad and champagne. Mrs. Haskins was with him, and after that did not call on Mrs. Sickles.

During the examination of some of the witnesses Mr. Sickles' counsel obtained leave for him to retire, as he did not like to hear the details.

One of the saddest things in the testimony was the description of the witnesses calling at Mrs. Sickles' to identify her as the person seen in Fifteenth street and elsewhere with Mr. Key.

When the defense rested the prosecution called as witnesses George H. Pendleton, Mayor Berrett, and also proved that on Friday and Saturday, the two days before the shooting, Mr. Sickles made speeches in the House, and seemed in no way out of his mind.

The counsel commenced to sum up, and submit points and prayers to the judge, on the eighteenth day.

Mr. Stanton spoke eloquently and at length in favor of the prisoner. He was followed by Mr. Brady on the nineteenth day. It was one of his grandest efforts, but Mr. Brady's speeches can never be reported. There was a magnetism in his manner that could never be properly described.

District Attorney Ould closed the discussion for the prosecution. The learned judge, on the twentieth day (April 26), briefly and lucidly charged the jury, who retired, and in seventy minutes returned with a verdict of NOT GUILTY.—HON. WM. E. ROBINSON, in *N. Y. Weekly.*

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Intelligence Items.

Great Britain imported last year an average of about 2,000,000 eggs a day.

There are thirty thousand deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language.

Geological explorations have shown the probability that Russia contains beds of phosphate of lime of sufficient extent to supply Europe for an indefinite period.

The quantity of coal raised in Germany in 1878 was 39,429,308 tons, and in 1877 it was 30,423,774 tons. In 1878 the quantity of lignites raised was 10,971,117 tons. as compared with 10,644,427 tons in 1877.

The *Missionary Herald* counts up over $3,000,000 given to the missionary enterprises of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Congregational churches, by only a dozen givers, within the past year.

Most of the colored Baptist churches of South Carolina have pastors who were slaves before the war, and the ability of the preachers to read their Bibles is about the extent of their scholarly attainments.

Of large British estates, that of the Duke of Buccleuch is 459,260 acres; Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, 132,320; Earl Fitzwilliam, 113,968; and those of forty-four other noblemen and gentlemen, vary from 10,000 up to 87,425 acres.

The Puget Sound log crop last year amounted to 250,000,000 feet. Of these a surplus of 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 now remain in the water, which will be entirely exhausted by spring. The average price obtained was $3.50 per thousand.

During the first nine months of this year the revenue receipts of France have exceeded the estimates by 108,000,000 francs. If it continues as favorably the next quarter, the treasury will have a surplus of between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000.

For the protection of iron exposed to the weather from rust, a varnish composed as follows is recommended: One hundred parts mercury, ten parts tin, twenty parts green vitriol, one hundred and twenty parts water, and fifteen parts hydrochloric acid of one to two specific gravity.

A business item from Africa: England annually takes 1,500,000 pounds of ivory, requiring the slaughter of 50,000 elephants. This is a large story and contains a hint of the greatness of the country. Africa is as large as Europe and North America, and contains one-sixth of the human race.

In New York city there are said to be 27,000 waiters and waitresses, divided into social grades as distinct as those of the people whom they serve. Negroes, Englishmen, Irishmen, Swedes, French, Germans and Americans are thus employed, Englishmen making the best head waiters and Swedes doing best in large bodies.

Dr. Fischer of the Imperial German Post-Office has just published a pamphlet showing the comparative postal and telegraph statistics. The letter post of the whole world for 1873 amounted in round numbers to 3,300,000,000 letters or about 9,250,000 daily; and the numbers have been increasing daily at an astonishing rate. Thus in Japan the number of post-offices in 1872 was 1,159, and in 1876 it had risen to 3,649. The number of seperate articles which passed through the Japanese post in 1878 was 47,000,000, of which 25,000,000 were letters, 10,000,000 post cards, and 9,500,000 newspapers. Post cards were first brought into use only in 1865, and now they are employed in almost every country of the world. The parcels post has, however, not yet got beyond the first stage of its development. The number of telegraphic dispatches sent in 1877 amounted for the whole globe to nearly 130,000,000, or an average of 353,000 daily.

Never Do It.

Never be too warm in your praises of a lady's lady friends. Friendship should be encouraged, not discouraged.

Never say anything if you wouldn't have your words repeated. But, beg pardon, perhaps you never did say much of anything.

Never try to equal the smartness of your smart interlocutor. It is not his province to recognize smartness in another, but to astonish with his own.

Never tell all you know to a stranger, even if he regale you ever so copiously with his affairs. Think you he would be more careful of your reputation than he is of his own?

Never say, when retiring, I will get up early to-morrow; for doesn't the Good Book say all liars shall have their part, etc.?

Never jam your finger in the door; for to swear is neither brave, polite nor wise.

Never call a man a liar; for the eye is a tender organ, and the sense of vision a precious one.

Never ask a lady to play upon the piano, unless you intend to be polite enough to listen to her playing. After having talked incessantly during her performance—

Never add hypocrisy to boorishness, by seeming to be pleased with what you thought more contemptible than your contemptible prattle. Own up that you only asked her to play out of politeness, and failed to listen out of impoliteness.

Never read your literary productions to another unless he press you to read them. Remember the golden rule.

Never refuse the fruit when it is first passed you, hoping that all will show their politeness by taking the smaller, inferior apples and pears, leaving the best for yourself the next time round. Not only is this mean, but you may over-estimate the politeness of your company.—*Boston Transcript.*

The tobacco trade displays remarkable elasticity. The increase in manufactured tobacco which paid duty last year was 12,000,000 pounds, the increase in the number of cigars and cigarettes being 194,000,000. Yet this vast production all ends in smoke.—*S. F. Post.*

Hudson River Tunnel.

Since the removal of all legal obstacles to the completion of the tunnel under the Hudson river, a few weeks ago, the work upon the shaft at the foot of Fifteenth street, Jersey City, has been pushed with such energy that the shaft has now been sunk to its entire depth—sixty-five feet. When the workmen had reached the depth of forty feet water began to flow in upon them and powerful engines were purchased to pump it out. After the completion of the shaft another powerful pulsometer engine was ordered and was placed at the shaft on Thursday to pump it entirely dry. Work on the tunnel proper will be begun this week, and in a short time, it is said, ground will be broken in this city in the neighborhood of Bleecker street and Broadway for the entrance on this side of the river. Men have been employed on the Jersey City side night and day, and the work has been done under the personal supervision of Colonel De Witt C. Haskin, of California, president of the tunnel company, and of the local superintendent, Commissioner of Works Benjamin Van Keuren. For the purpose of expedition it is proposed to work from both sides just as soon as the shaft on the Jersey shore is made perfectly clear. The shaft on this side will be located at about the foot of Morton street. As soon as work is commenced on the New York side it will be prosecuted day and night. There will be three gangs of workmen, each gang to work eight hours, and by this method the company expect to have the tunnel completed within two years.

Work was first begun in November, 1874, but one injunction after another so interfered with the project that the real work did not begin until a month ago, at which time the tunnel company, after paying the Jersey shore associates and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad the amount fixed by the courts for the ground taken, was allowed to proceed.

The entrance to the tunnel on the Jersey side of the river will be from the corner of Jersey avenue and Fifteenth street, to extend thence to the Hudson River about 3,400 feet, thence under the river, curving five degrees northward to the New York bulkhead line, at or near the foot of Morton street, 5,400 feet; thence curving slightly southward about 3,000 feet to a point to be selected by the New York Board of Aldermen The entire length of the tunnel and its approaches will be about 12,000 feet, or about one mile under the river and about three-fourths of a mile on each shore. The tunnel walls will be constructed of the best brick and cement, 3 feet in thickness, circular in form, 26 feet in width and 24 feet in height. It will be painted white inside and lighted with gas, with a double track railway of heavy steel rails upon stone ballast 5 feet from the bottom. More than four hundred trains will be able to pass through the tunnel daily. Freight and market trains will have transit at night, drawn by powerful engines made expressly for that purpose, to be run by signals, without bells or whistles, consuming their own steam and smoke, or run with compressed air.

The company will convey passengers direct from the West without change of cars, as all trains running into Jersey City will have the right to pass through the tunnel upon the same equitable terms.

The borings made before the tunnel was commenced show that the greatest depth of water is about sixty-two feet; also that the soil through which the tunnel will pass is for the most part tenacious silt, underlaid by hard sand. Near the shore on the New York side there will be encountered a small extent of rock and some gravel. No serious difficulty is apprehended by the company, as the character of the soil is considered favorable for the construction of the tunnel. The importance of the tunnel to this city will be great, and the citizens may feel confident that in three years at the furthest it will be in operation.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Dream of Life in France.

The dream of every young Frenchman whose pockets are empty is to marry a girl who has from £2,000 to £4,000, and to earn about £200 a year for himself by means of a situation affording a fixed salary. It is not an extravagant dream, and, to do the Frenchman justice, he is quite happy if he realizes it. Having got £300 or £400 a year, he does not seek to enlarge his income, but lives prudently within his means, and invests some savings every year with commendable judgment. The very fact, however, that most Frenchmen should pitch their ambition so low as to require nothing more than what an Englishman would call a little competency, shows how keen the struggle for life is, and when one reflects that the thousands of men who covet the position of *petit-rentier* are joined annually by twenty thousand young recruits fresh from the schools, and with all their talents whetted according to the newest systems for the social fray, one cannot wonder at the large number of educated young men who find their way into jails. The last annual report of the ministry of justice dwells upon the increasing number of well-educated persons who are imprisoned for offenses against property. M. Victor Hugo and his friends, who used to applaud education as the panacea for all social and political ills, may find this a hard fact to digest, but there it lies; and one may add that, for determination in offenses against life, as well as in swindling, the highly-trained young men who have been through the best lyceums are quite equal to the uncultured rough.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Julius," said a Brooklyn gentleman to his colored servant, "don't you enjoy the astronomical phenomena these fine evenings?" "Dunno, Sah," responded the darky; "mush-melons are my favorite fruit."

The difference between riding a horse and riding a hobby consists in this, that one can get off a horse at any time, but once on a hobby, a man can never get off.

Wit and Humor.

Acid Drops.—Mamma:—"Well, Rosie, what did you have at your grandfather's?" Rosie—"Lots of apples and pears, ma!—and some sweet cider—but it was so sour!"—[Fun.

Two young ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and on being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied that they were not in special costume, whereupon he bawled out, "Two ladies without any character!"

Terrible Example.—Tall Bachelor: "Well, Trotter, my boy, how are you?" Small Benedict: "Oh, only very Dickey; I've got a lot of trouble at home; the two kids have got the whooping cough, and the missus ain't well, and her temper is awful.—[Judy.

Instructor in Latin—"Mr. B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Mr. B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no, agriculture." Mr. B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."—[Princetonian.

Jolliboy: Well, old boy, I'm sorry to see you looking so down; what's the matter?" Friend—"Oh, I've just lost a cousin of my wife's." Jolliboy—"Dear, dear! Why it was only the other day I met you, you had lost your mother-in-law's sister. What a careless man you are!"—[Fun.

A boy, evidently of a Universalist mind, if not of Presbyterian heart, was heard telling yesterday why he didn't go to Sabbath-school: "I went most a year," he said, "expecting to get a reward, or be in a Christmas tree picking, anyhow. There wasn't nary a reward, or ary Christmas tree. It was too darned thin: I shook her.—[New Haven Register.

A Sunday-school teacher was telling the scholars what a glorious thing it was to have one Sunday a week. Turning to a boy in the class, he asked: "Suppose you could change the days in the week, on what day would you have Sunday come, my little man?" The boy said: "If I was a bossing this business I would have Sunday come on Christmas."

When a certain lady refused, soon after her husband's death, to let the hounds go out, a learned sergeant-at-law asked Chief Justice X. whether there would be any harm if they were allowed to do so with a piece of crape around their necks. "I can hardly think," said the Chief-Justice, "that a piece of crape is necessary; it will surely suffice if they are in full cry."

The following conversation recently took place in this city between a representative Greenbacker and a standard Democrat: Democrat—"Who are you going to put up for Mayor this year?" Greenbacker—"Well, we don't know yet." Democrat—"Are you going to put up a candidate at all?" Greenbacker—"Oh, yes, I guess so." Democrat—"Well, for —— sake put him up on a liberty pole so we can see him."—[Elizabeth Herald.

The editor of the *Fort Plain Register* has his office and residence connected by telephone. Yesterday, Mr. Skidd, of Little Falls, an old friend, called on the editor and expected to remain for dinner. The editor hurried to the telephone and shouted to his wife: "Mr. Skidd will be up with me to dinner, lay an extra plate." "Now," said the editor, "Mr. Skidd, you may converse with her." As the gentleman was about to approach the instrument these words were plainly heard: "You tell Mr. Skidd we don't keep a hotel on washday." Mr. Skidd excused himself for a few moments, and was next seen eating fried clams in the Rainbow Saloon on the corner.—[Amsterdam Recorder.

"Wanted to Know."—Whether false ringlets can be properly described as "curls of smoke?" Whether a row in a rookery deserves the definition of "caws and effect?" Whether the sailor who wanted to know what time it was has gone to sea? Whether misnaming a baby at a christening may be called "turning a rite into a wrong?" Whether the plainest woman alive, when she reaches the age of seventy-seven will be a pretty old one? Whether it is not preferable to fall out with your banker than to lose your balance with him? Whether when a horse takes his meals he has them at his *table?* Whether sweepstakes are sootable food for sweeps? Whether when you give a child a *bat* it will be likely to give you a *bawl?* Whether a dumb animal always keeps his word?—[Judy.

Precocious Wit.

Caroline (under ten), walking through falling leaves in autumn: "Are the trees crying, mamma, because the summer is gone?"

Mamma to Isabel (four years of age), who is rather unmercifully teasing the kitten:—"Isabel, my child, you must not do so. I don't like to see it." Isabel:—"Well, don't look, mamma."

Little boy of six:—"Mamma, do people say the Prince of Wales will not be a good king?" Mamma:—"Some persons think that he does not promise very well." Little boy:—"But mamma, perhaps he will not keep his promise."

A little boy of seven had been ordered to take claret by the doctor. A person dining with the family said to him, "You should put a little water with it; it brings out the taste." That's very fine," responded the seven-year-old, "but I prefer the taste left in."

Scene:—Early dinner, after first helping of pudding. Present—Grandmamma, mamma and children. Christabel (aged four):—"Grandmamma, its very naughty to ask for anything, isn't it?" Grandmamma:—"Yes, dear." Christabel:—"That's why I don't ask mamma for any more pudding.

A little boy, five years old, was taken to the seaside. When he arrived it was high tide. The next morning, the tide being out, the little fellow was found gazing with wondrous eyes at the long stretch of sand and the distant sea. After a pause he exclaimed, "Why, auntie, it's all gone down its sink."

Fashions for Gentlemen.

In the frock coat for receptions or dinners there is little or no change, except that there is a tendency to leave off the silk breast facings, says an Eastern fashion paper. It is worn with plain gray trousers, or with trousers of a light shade, having a narrow stripe.

For the morning or walking suit, the coat is made of a wide wale black diagonal, buttoning high up, with one or three buttons, at the option of the wearer; the waist a little longer than formerly, and the skirt a little shorter, well rounded off. The sleeves end in a deep cuff, with two button-holes, finished with a flat and rather wide braid. When the trousers are of a blue and black narrow stripe, or of check, the coat and waistcoat are of one material. If the trousers are of a lighter color and more fancy pattern, then the trousers and waistcoat are of one material.

For the lounge suit: A sack coat, buttoning high up, with buttons; cut obliquely away from the the fourth button, and barely reaching to the end of the fingers when the arm is extended. It is cut in close to the figure. The edges are double-stitched, the lines of stitching being wide apart. The sleeves are finished with rather a long vent and one button. Such coats are made of soft tweeds and Scotch homespun, in patterns of very indistinct plaids, of small mixed broken brown or of gray checks with Knickerbocker spot. The waistcoat is made with a standing collar, and the trousers are moderately close-fitting. The homespun is heavier and closer woven than that of last spring. Than this material none is better suited to our variable climate. Soft, neither too light nor too weighty, it is just the thing to wear between the seasons. It is grateful to the touch, pleasing to the eye, and if it "catches the dust," the dust is never seen, and a brush is scarcely required, the dust being easily shaken from the surface.

For the evening dress the coat is made rather shorter than formerly, so as to fall a little above the small of the leg. The collar is a little wider and in front turns over only to the second hole from the bottom of the waist; it is faced with silk, extending to the button-holes. The sleeve cuff is plain and deep, without buttons. The waistcoat does not open so far down as last year, but the opening is wider, showing more of the shirt front, which must be plain and ornamented with but one stud; the shirt collar turned down. The cloth for the coat and waistcoat should be of black and very fine sand-grain, with a dull finish; the trousers of the same or of a dull-finished very fine diagonal.

Fall overcoats are single-breasted, made fly-front, and are cut to fit the figure closer than the old loose sacque. The favorite materials are English melton in negative or undecided colors; "Venetians" in steel grays and light and dark browns, soft-finished tweeds, "mixed" goods, Scotch homespuns—of almost any medium weight coat material, except smooth-faced broadcloth or diagonal goods. Black satin is considered by some too pronounced for overcoat linings, and since it has been so universally adopted by Bowery and "cheap" Broadway tailors it is less used by first-class houses. Silk serge is used for linings and facings; it is not brought to the edge, but as far forward as the button-hole, the latter being worked in the cloth.

Advice to a Young Man.

No, my son, cheek is not better than wisdom; it is not better than honest modesty, it is not better than anything. Don't listen to the siren who tells you to blow your own horn or it will never be tooted upon. The world is not to be deceived by cheek, and it does search for merit, and when it finds it merit is rewarded. Does General Grant go around blowing his own horn? Did he ever crowd himself in and elbow his way ahead, like a man with a dead-head ticket, plunging for the best seat at a circus? Cheek never deceives the world, son. It appears to do so, to the cheeky man, but he is the one who is deceived. Do you know one cheeky man in all your acquaintance who is not reviled for his cheek the moment his back is turned? Is not the world continually drawing distinctions between cheek and merit? Almost everybody hates the cheeky man, my son. Society tires of the brassy glare of his face, the hollow tinkling of his cymballine tongue, the noisy assumption of his forwardness. The triumphs of cheek are only apparent. He bores his way along through the world, and frequently better people give way for him. But so they give way, my boy, for a man with a paint pot in each hand. Not because they respect the man with the paint pots, particularly, but because they want to take care of their clothes. Avoid cheek, my son. You can sell goods without it; and your customers won't run and hide in the cellar when they see you coming.—*Hawkeye.*

There can be now no doubt of the brilliant future of Deadwood. Of course it can hardly ever be as brilliant as it was for a few hours the other day, but it is a well-known axiom in relation to American cities that they never amount to much till they are burnt to the ground. Examples of this truth are the cities of Detroit, Chicago, Boston, Portland, New York, St. John and many other places. Now that Deadwood has been cleaned out, it can go right ahead, sanguine of success. We beg to congratulate Deadwood on its luck. To use a slang phrase, "its got the dead-wood" on all the neighboring towns now.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Power of the Press.—I love to hear the rumbling of the steam power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and of a sure aim, which will hit its mark, though it is distant a thousand years.—*Chapin.*

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WOODLAND, CAL,.....DEC. 13, 1879

A Marriage Procession in Nazareth

While we were resting under some olive trees to-day a marriage procession passed us. It was led by about 50 men in their best clothes, well mounted and armed, who were escorting a bride home. Some of these men played upon curious musical instruments. In their midst sat the bride, astride upon a white caparisoned horse, led by a man in flowing robes. Her wonderful garments were stiff with embroidery, and she was laden with magnificent jewels. She wore the usual jacket, skirt, tunic, full and loose trousers, and was attended by four very ugly old hags as bridesmaids, who were nearly as smart as herself. But these antique damsels (or dames) were distinguished by extraordinary head-dresses, composed of roles of silver coins about the size of a florin, piled up like the money on a money-changer's counter, anb arranged round the front of a sort of cap, something of the shape of a great sausage. The procession included a host of women and chsldren, and the rear was brought up by a solitary camel, bearing a huge scarlet and green box aloft, which box contained the bride's trousseau. The journey was a long one, and to beguile the tedium, they sang songs and played upon their queer musical instrnments, and every time they came to ever so small a plateau beside the rocky path, the men broke out of the order of march and held a sort of miniature tournament, performing all sorts of intricate evolutions. They would tilt at one another with their long lances, and fire off their long guns. Now and then one of them would detach himself from the rest, and really seem to fly up the steep mountain side, his horse clambering over the rocks, and all the others rushing after him in hot pursuit, shouting aud shrieking at the top of their voices, —[Mrs. Brassey, in Fraser's Magazine.

OUR NAVY.—R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, in his report of the condition and operations of the Navy Department, says: The condition of the Navy has been greatly improved durin g the past year. There are now in commission thirty-five vessels, consisting of cruisers, monitors, and torpedo boats of different classes. Sixteen can be put in condition for sea service in a few months, and twenty could be made ready in any emergency, With this done, the fighting force of the navy which might be made available in a very short time would consist of eighty-one vessels, of all classes; and if to this number be added the four monitors—Terror, Puritan, Amphetrite and Monadnock—and the eighty powerful tugs which can be fitted for either cruisers or torpedo boats, our whole effective fighting force would consist of nine-three vessels.

Strictly fresh reminiscence of Gen-Grant: When a boy in Ohio, or somewhere else, Grant drove a milk-wagon. Among his customers was a colored family. As he drove up one day to the door of his colored patron, he bethought him to have a little fun at the expense of a pickaninny that was making mud pies in the door-yard, and so addressed it: "You Ephraham, take dat chalk out ob yo' eye!" Ephraham's mother happened to be just around the corner of the house hoeing the watermelons, and hastening around in front, she almost yelled in her indignation: See heah, honey, you heb all you kin 'tend to ef you take dat chalk out ob you milk.

The first step to any true success is self-distrust. Those men who hold their heads so high that you are led to suppose that they have a mortgage on the planet, and, who talk as though the greatest tasks could be done with perfect ease, are almost always ready to borrow $5, and when they leave the avenue where they take their afternoon walk, they slide into some dark alley and grope their way to the third story back. Loud talking and great acting seldom go together.

The New York *News* asks: "where shall we procure pure milk?" and Fuller the junior, of Rockland, suggests that "he try a cow."

It is respectfully suggested to England that she release Cetewayo, provid that he will give bonds to not enter the lecture field.

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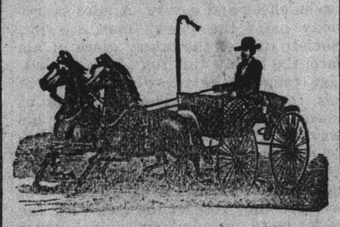

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